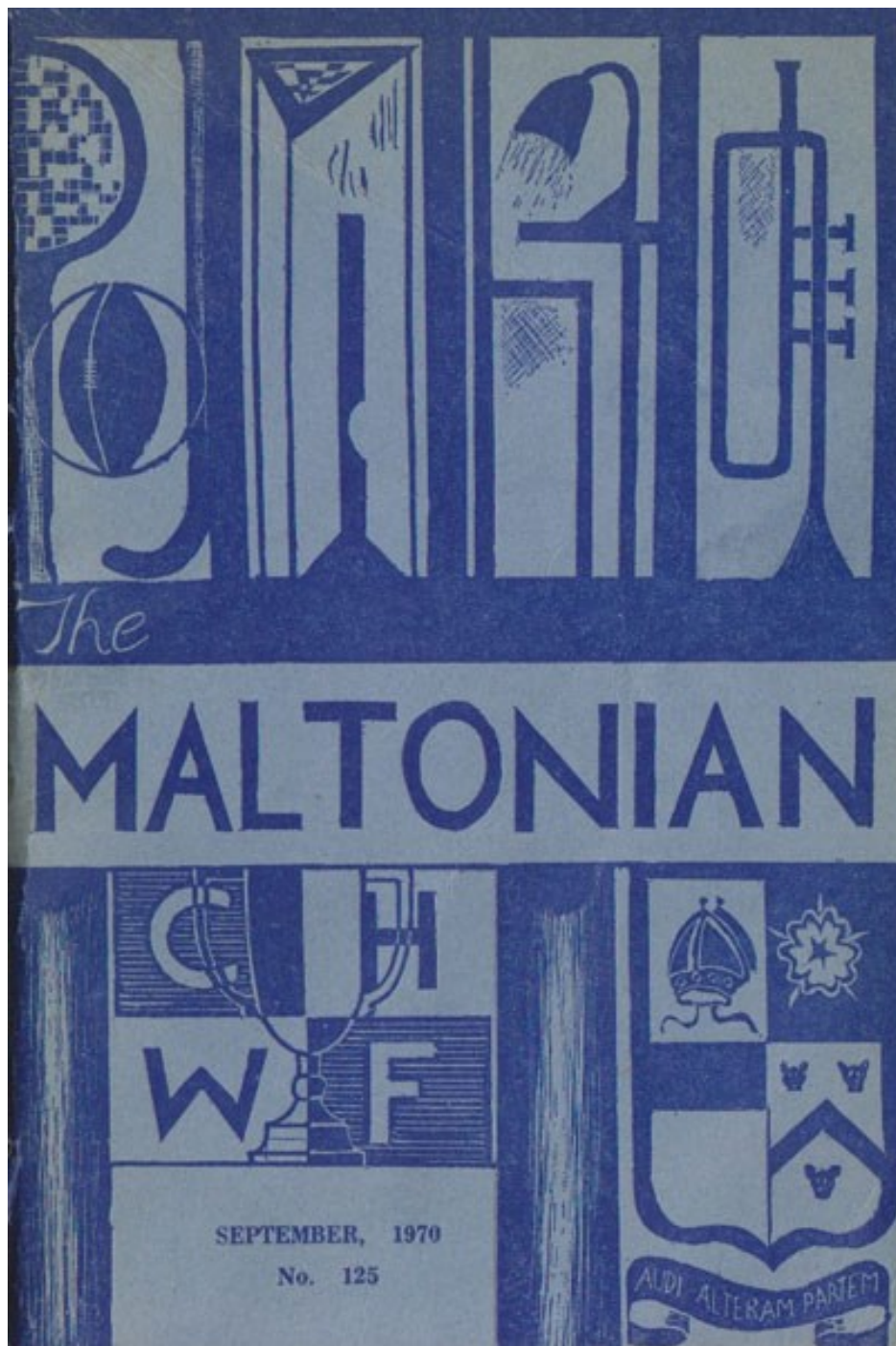




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Who gave their lives in the Great Wars

1914-18 and 1939-45

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SCHOOL OFFICERS

HEAD BOY:

Geoffrey Marson

HEAD GIRL:

Susan Preston

PREFECTS:

Graham Goforth, Stewart Hartley, Anthony Howden, Robert Hutchinson, Graham Ibbotson, John Jaram, John Leake, Geoffrey Marson, Nigel Plummer, Keith Richardson, Christopher Saltmer, Arnold Sunley, Jonathan Taylor, Kevin Taylor, Pamela Botterill, Renee Darley, Kathryn Dyson, Sheila Foxton, Christine Grabban, Claire Jefferson, Wendy Johnson, Barbara McMaster, Carol McSorley, Susan Peckitt, Mollie Peterkin, Susan Preston, Judith Rawing, Jeanette Seller, Elizabeth Simpson, Barbara Smiles, Hilary Thompson, Alison Todd, Angela Towse, Julia Whitfield, Sara Wisker, Joy Worth.

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Willoughby:	Arnold Sunley, Wendy Johnson
Holgate:	Christopher Saltmer, Jeanette Seller
Fitzwilliam:	Stewart Hartley, Kathryn Dyson
Carlisle:	Geoffrey Marson, Susan Preston, Sheila Foxton

GAMES:

Basketball Captain:	Robin Graham
Football Captain:	Arnold Sunley
Cricket Captain:	Arnold Sunley
Boys' Hockey Captain:	Stewart Hartley
Boys' Games Secretary:	Alan Peterkin
Girls' Hockey Captain:	Susan Preston
Tennis Captain:	Elizabeth Simpson
Girls' Games Secretary:	Alison Witty

SOCIETIES:

Chess Club:	Secretary: Stephen Evans
Dr. Barnardo's Helpers'	
League:	Joan Kelly

The Maltonian

SEPTEMBER, 1970

No. 125

EDITORIAL

In the Editorial of "The Maltonian" in September 1965, the Editor, in outlining the purpose of a school magazine, wrote "Continuity in this school has been preserved by members of staff who have taught here most of their working lives — Mr. Barty and Mr. Rolls are examples of such. Clearly the sense of tradition of a school can only but benefit when this occurs. But this situation is not necessarily the case in all schools, nor is it bound to be the case at M.G.S. in the future." This year, M.G.S.'s link with the past has been tragically severed in three short weeks, with the sudden deaths of both Mr. Rolls and Mr. Barty. Mr. Barty, it is true, had retired 15 years ago, and since that date his links with the school have not been, in a physical sense, so close, as he was living in the South of England. Mr. Rolls, on the other hand, was still as much a part of M.G.S. as ever. To serve the school as pupil or teacher from 1922 until 1970, and to die just 14 months before the school ceases to exist, is very sad indeed.

By the time this issue of "The Maltonian" has been published, M.G.S. will have begun its last school year. The next "Maltonian," which will be published in July 1971, and not September, will be the last magazine of M.G.S. and will wind up the final chapter in the School's History. However, Malton Grammar School has ceased to exist before, in the early part of this century, and no doubt in September 1971 all that is good in the school, with its long and happy tradition, will rise to merge with all that is good in Malton County Modern School, to form the new Malton School, a worthy successor to the two good schools it will replace.

E.R.L.

COMMENTARY

The school year started with an influx of new pupils which took the number to just over the three hundred mark for the first time ever. Mrs. Boyes retired, and was replaced by Mrs. Morris (who is doing an admirable job) as head cook.

The School's sporting year got off to a great start with seven pupils being chosen to play in county trials, five of whom were selected. Teresa Brewer, Alison Witty and Shelia Foxton were selected to play hockey for the North Riding, and Stephen Prest and Timothy Pickard were chosen to play soccer for the Vale of Pickering team. David Smith and Arnold Sunley, together with a number of other local boys, were invited to attend a trial by First Division Derby County, but unfortunately owing to a cut-down on the playing staff nothing came of it.

Following the success of the last school play the Dramatic Society, superintended as usual by Mr. Joannidis, set to work on a new play entitled "Penny for a Song" by John Whiting. This, however, was cancelled in February owing to the unpredictability of the number of the cast that turned up at rehearsals. Dances, excursions, and walks will be dealt with in detail further on in the magazine.

The Term ended sadly with the death of Mr. Pay, our Games and History Master. He was at all times a popular man who got on well with both Staff and Pupils, and although this sad event will be mentioned further on more fully, I should like to take the opportunity of mentioning the nice gesture the then 5B made by raising over five pounds off their own bat to go to the Cancer Research Development Fund.

The highlight of the Spring Term was the splendid performance by the under-fifteen soccer team in winning the Vale of Pickering Cup. In the Final they met Lady Lumley's and drew 3-3. The following day they met again in the re-play and won 2-0. The goalscorers were: Peter Sellers 2, Timothy Pickard 2, and Stuart Dawson.

The School Sports took place very early in May, as school exams. were brought forward. Willoughby won the Sports and Holgate (as usual!) were last. Both the Victrix Ludorum (Wendy Johnson) and the Victor Ludorum (Philip Simpson) were from the winning House. In June those of

the Fifth Form who wished to stay on were moved up to the Lower Sixth, together with prospective Sixth Formers from the two County Moderns; this idea was meant to combat "end-of-term" boredom, to get the new pupils used to the strange surroundings and to give them time to settle down before work begins next term. The otherwise happy term was marred by yet another death of a member of staff, Mr. Rolls, the Deputy Headmaster and Senior History Master, who died suddenly in hospital. He had been associated with M.G.S. from his school days right up to his sad death, and all who knew him will greatly mourn this sad loss.

K. A. SUNDERLAND and R. HEATH.

MR. BRUCE R. ROLLS

On Tuesday, May 19th, the School heard, with a horror amounting almost to disbelief, that Mr. Rolls, our Deputy Headmaster and Senior History Master, had died the previous evening; he had been teaching on the Friday, apparently in good health.

Daily since then our awareness that the body of the school has a gaping wound in it has grown, rather than diminished; for not only has each one of us personally lost a beloved teacher and friend, but as a School we are poignantly aware that M.G.S. really never can be "the same place again."

We have above all lost one who showed us the true meaning of the word 'gentleman.' Kind and considerate, untiring in the service of the scholars who were in one sense his life, loyally devoted to the school with which he identified himself, a family man and a lover of his fellows, Bruce Rolls typified all that is admirable in the best Englishmen.

He had two centres to his life — his family and the school. It was therefore a great joy to him and to Mary, his wife, that their children all attended the school and all indeed did so with some distinction, going on from here to professions where the values taught them by home and school count strongly. To his family, and especially to his wife, who hoped to share his richly deserved retirement, we offer our deepest sympathy.

All the present scholars and staff know that in him we had an unusually fine History teacher; what many of



B. R. Rolls, Scholar 1921-26; Assistant Headmaster 1930-60;
Deputy Headmaster 1960-70.

them may not know is that in his time here he filled the posts of Boys' Physical Education Master and Senior English Master with equal distinction. Again, to those who saw only that he devoted every spare moment to the efficient organisation of the Library (I can say categorically that no other North Riding school has a better one), it may not be known that in his younger days he was a power-house of almost every conceivable out-of-school activity.

No tribute to him could omit mention of his Games teaching and of the philosophy underlying it. A brilliant cricketer and footballer himself, he believed that friendly rivalry on the games field and above all the genuine desire to congratulate opponents who had just beaten one imparted a special strength to one's character. Scores of boys who have passed through his hands to go on to manhood bear witness to the rightness of this conviction.

There are no schools-for-Headmasters and when I first came here, I had to learn the job as a raw recruit, so to speak. Mr. Rolls, with his instinctive kindness, eased me into the school, showing me how to avoid trampling on established traditions; when I had grown confident enough to put into practice some ideas of my own, I had, unfailingly, his most loyal support. I personally, therefore, have a special debt of affection to repay to his memory.

We had all hoped that he would be one of the links between M.G.S. and the new Malton Comprehensive School. Although this is now impossible in the way we had hoped for, we can — and so we must — honour him by preserving and carrying into our future the values which he so splendidly exemplified.

P.T.T.

MR. DAVID J. PAY

Wise men are perhaps right to say that we should find no savour in life if we knew it could last for ever; but when an active and zestful man dies in his youth, we are confronted with a mystery to which only faith has an answer.

David Pay, our Boys' Physical Education Master, died in October of last year at the age of 31 after a brave struggle against cancer.

The words which I have used above of him, 'active' and 'zestful' are but pale descriptions of his abounding vitality. A native of Lincoln, he came to us from a very large London Comprehensive School. At once the Yorkshire boys' natural love of games made a joyful impression upon

him. His response was to expand our Games to the limit, so that almost every boy in the school could find his latent talent at football, cricket, hockey or basketball, and at an early age play for a school team. There can be no doubt about the beneficial effect of this not only upon the school's morale but more particularly upon its sense of corporate loyalty. A boy who had been brought early to the honour of playing for the School, even if it were only in an Under-12s game with a neighbouring School, felt an increase of stature and a focussing of loyalties. This system, involving a high degree of organisation, for which Mr. Pay had marked talent, was his special contribution to the School, and a most valuable one it was.

All this could rest only upon a leader who inspired both respect and affection, and Mr. Pay was such a man. Devoting himself heart-and-soul to the boys and the School, he was able to gain devotion. He took a deep personal interest in the boys and they on their part opened their hearts to him, gladly availing themselves, but never taking advantage, of the camaraderie of games travel and changing-rooms. The same warmth showed itself in Mr. Pay's pastoral responsibilities as a Form Master and in his Forms' response.

Mr. Pay's other subject was History, a personal enthusiasm, and already under him the History Room was becoming a living centre, with its posters and facsimiles of historic documents.

But it is Mr. Pay as a person whom we shall always recall with affection. We shall remember his infectious grin, sign of that strong sense of humour which showed so marvellously in his revue, 'A Christmas Carve-up,' his eager progress round the school as he rustled up his teams for the minibus, his own dynamic playing of hockey and basketball. Closer friends knew also of still centres behind this tremendous physical drive — I mean his happy family life and his deep Christian convictions.

These latter were put to the ultimate test in his long illness and came through triumphantly, so that to our other emotions was added admiration for his utter lack of complaint and indeed his serenity.

Our hearts go out to Mrs. Pay and their children; she can take pride in knowing that in his short life her husband both achieved a great deal and became treasured in the memories of the colleagues and scholars who meant so much to him.

P.T.T.

"A.B." — A PERSONAL APPRECIATION

Doubtless, like many other former pupils of Mr. Barty, I was very sad to hear of his death. Although I was a pupil of his for only a short period, I well remember the History and Geography lessons which were taken under his particularly characteristic tutelage. His music lessons also were especially enjoyable, and I like to think that he had much influence on his pupils' subsequent delight in music. Unfortunately I was never taught by him in the higher forms at M.G.S., but can well imagine the thorough and expert methods which he would use. Although A.B. was primarily an historian, he was the one who began Geography here at Sixth Form level, and any success the Geography Department may have had, is to a large extent due to these beginnings.

My return to M.G.S. in 1947 as a member of the Staff brought me once again into contact with A.B., a very different one this time, but one which I shall always remember with gratitude, since he gave me much needed help and advice. Many pupils of his, I am sure, realised after they left school the particular qualities Mr. Barty had; this is evidenced by the number of O.M.s who visited him both before and after his retirement. Such visits were always most welcome to him and to Mrs. Barty. Tea and a long chat about past events and former pupils were enjoyed by them all.

Perhaps my most pleasurable memories of A.B. are connected with the School Orchestra during the years 1947 and 1955 (the year of his retirement), for it was on the occasions of the rehearsals at 4 p.m. on Thursdays, that his humour came to the fore, and one saw that when playing his 'cello along with other very amateur musicians he was enjoying himself and was more than pleased that the rest were doing the same. His "grin" and somewhat dry humour always made their mark, and were fully appreciated by those to whom the joke was directed.

A.B. was one of the "Old School," ruling his classes firmly, instilling into his pupils both in and out of the classrooms those qualities of conscientiousness in their work, reliability in their chosen out-of-school activity, politeness, ladylike and gentlemanly behaviour in their contact with others.

H.G.B.

THE HEADMASTER'S NOTES

I have written elsewhere in this issue of Mr. Rolls and Mr. Pay. An article by Mr. Bratt reminds us that a third link with the School has been broken by death this year.

Mr. Alfred Barty (A.B., of course, to everyone) spent thirty-six years teaching at M.G.S. He was in charge of History (he it was from whom Mr. Rolls acquired both his grounding in and his enthusiasm for History) and of Geography and was for many years Deputy Headmaster. A Londoner by birth, he responded to the warmth of Malton's welcome and he and Mrs. Barty were famous for their hospitality to old and new scholars. But (in the way the English have about their hobbies as opposed to their work) he always considered his greatest feat to have been persuading Mr. Williams to allow the development of Music as a major factor in the School's life. An accomplished pianist and 'cellist and a fine choirmaster, he built up the subject single-handedly until it was a main feature of School life, as it has stayed ever since.

But in the long run what mattered was his lifelong service and devotion to the School. In teaching, as in any other profession, one meets the restless movers-on, the promotion seekers who serve themselves sometimes rather than their Schools. In Mr. Barty and Mr. Rolls M.G.S. had the blessing of two teachers who were willing to strike down roots and put service first. Such men have been and always will be the special strength of English Schools.

I should like to move now to a quite different topic. The technical procedures for the structure of the new Malton School, as the Comprehensive School will be called, are moving on slowly but surely. An "Instrument of Government" has been promulgated and the new Board of Governors has been nominated and has already met twice, mainly to perform certain procedural tasks, such as choosing a chairman and a clerk. As the year progresses, meetings will be both more frequent and increasingly concerned with organization.

On the big issues of structure, personnel, policy and so on Mr. Hanson and I shall of course work entirely in concert with the Governors; but there is a whole field of topics — things such as uniform, Houses, the two libraries, tuck-hop, etc., etc., spring readily to mind — where we shall

probably judge it wise to consult you, the scholars, and sometimes your parents; after all, we shall want you to agree with what is being done and co-operate willingly. But when I say "scholars," don't all of you expect to be asked about every topic; normally, we shall avail ourselves of the vast store of collective wisdom enshrined in the Sixth, or at least the senior, Forms. But do be assured that, through one channel or another, we shall be trying on many items of organization to get the "feel" of the scholars and so to bring you into the process of reorganization.

P.T.T.

STAFF NOTES

Miss Helen M. Barry leaves us after two years, for the happiest of reasons: she is to be married and will be living in Manchester. In her short stay with us she has both made her French teaching enjoyable as well as instructive and entered into the life and spirit of the School. We wish her happiness in her married life and hope that she will be able to come back to see us sometimes.

In her place we welcome Mr. Alan J. Robinson, B.A. Mr. Robinson has gained his Degree and his Teaching Certificate at the University of Wales, Aberystwyth. He is a Yorkshireman, from Pontefract in the West Riding, so that he will be in a sense returning home after exile in Wales. In addition to French, he will be starting some German and this will be, as it were, an advance instalment of the increased number of subjects which it is planned that the Comprehensive School shall offer.

To be in charge of Boys' Physical Education, together with Junior History, we welcome Mr. Roger W. D. Thomas, B.A. Mr. Thomas, who comes from Herefordshire, took his Degree in History and Law and then went on to a year's Physical Education training at Loughborough College, where he passed with Distinction. He has been in charge of Boys' Physical Education at a School in the Midlands.

To both these new teachers we offer a very warm welcome and express the hope that their stay with us will be long and happy.

The School and I owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Mason, who have taught for most of the year to meet the emergency caused by Mr. Pay's illness and death. Mr. Pay's games have been undertaken by Mr. Mason, to whom I shall refer later in this article, and I was touched by an offer from Mr. Whiteley to help by taking gymnastic periods. This he did with great attack during the Autumn Term and I thank him warmly.

Mr. Rolls' sudden death brought its train of problems, too, of course and I am grateful to Mr. Baxandall of Lady Lumley's who found out and informed me that a History teacher had lately retired to live in Pickering. This teacher, Mr. W. E. Probert, B.A., most kindly agreed at once to help us; he has taught during the last few weeks of Term and we are to have his services again next Term.

I am very grateful to him and I know that the Scholars, and particularly the Sixth Form History groups, share my gratitude.

Further offers of help came from Mr. Joannidis, Mr. Bratt and my wife. Mr. Joannidis offered to take charge of the Library — surely a very kind offer, for it is a major commitment — Mr. Bratt offered to take additional History periods, and has kindly agreed to do so again next Term, and Mrs. Taylor offered to organize and supervise the end-of-year Library check. In this latter enterprise members of the Lower Sixth gave invaluable help. To all these the School owes thanks, though they themselves were glad to be able to express in this way a tribute of affection to Mr. Rolls.

Since Mrs. Mason was able to relieve her husband of some Mathematics teaching, so that he could take over the Boys' Games, Mr. Mason may feel that he simply did a job for which arrangements were made. But I disagree: Games is a subject where it is useless merely to be in attendance. The scores of little details surrounding fixtures and kit make heavy demands and the boys, I am sure, share my gratitude to Mr. Mason for doing this work not only with thoroughness but with unflagging zeal and enthusiasm. The results, and above all the spirit, of our Games testify to Mr. Mason's stewardship.

P.T.T.

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

The Endowment Governors lost an old and faithful friend of the School when Major R. McLintock of Malton died during the year. He showed his sense of service by his faithful attendance and his wise advice at meetings, and no meeting ever passed without his giving further proof, by his questions about the School over a cup of tea afterwards, of his keen interest in our progress.

On a happier note, I sent, as from the School, a greetings card to our own Sir William Worsley to congratulate him on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. He replied with a note to say how touched he was by our good wishes.

P.T.T.

VALETE

The following left during the Autumn Term, 1969:

IAN DODGSON. Parents left district.
ALISTAIR HORSFALL. Parents returned to Scotland.
DINSDALE WARD. Parents moved to Littleborough, Lanes.
HUGH McLEAN. Now at Lady Lumley's School.
JOHN SHEADER. Now at Nunthorpe Grammar School, York.
MARGARET PIRIE. Banking.
PAULINE WARWICK. Nursing.
KEITH RICHARDSON. Police Force.
JANET SCALING. Working at Doctor Scholls, York.

The following left during the Spring Term, 1970:

STEPHEN FIRTH. Temporary laboratory work, awaiting admission to Cambridge University.
PAUL GORFORD. Parents moved to Hull.
KEITH RENNIE. Parents moved to Lincoln.
JANET MACHIN. To work in Barclay's Bank.
BEVERLEY STEARN. Parents moved to Cambridge.
STEPHEN TURLEY. Civil Engineering with British Rail.
AMANDA FENNER. Now at Scarborough Girls' High School.

The following left during the Summer Term, 1970:

JANET ALLENBY. Parents emigrated to Australia.
SUSAN HARRISON. Parents moved to Thirsk area.
MARIJKE LAND. Working for British Rail.
CHERYL TEASDALE. Banking.
STEPHEN BEAN.
COLIN BRADSHAW.
SUSAN SHEADER. Now at Queen Anne's, York.
STUART CROWE. Agricultural College.
PHILIP DOBSON. Wards, Sherburn.
DAVID SMITH.
CLIVE THOMPSON.
BETTY LEWIS. Hairdressing.
KAREN MUSE. Now at Scarborough Girls' High School.
GILLIAN TOWSE. Banking.
GILLIAN LEVITT. Boots, Scarborough.

We offer our best wishes to Sheila (nee Foxton) Ingram, who has married just before leaving school in July. Sheila and her husband are living at Darlington, although Sheila intends to take up her University place in October.

SALVETE

The following joined in September, 1969:

TO LOWER SIXTH.

Alan Burns, Christopher Calder, Colin Challen, Mark Dods-worth, Martyn Fletcher, Marcus Foale, Andrew Gough, Robin Graham, William Hall, Richard Horsley, Graham McGee, Philip Simpson, Michael Stansfield, Alan Teasdale, Jane Collinson, Mary Crisp, Margaret Frankish, Rosemary Jepson, Janet Machin, Ann Milner, Margaret Pirie, Patricia Spenceley, Anne Wood, Janet Quarton, Nicol Pearse, Edith Gough.

TO 2A.

Suzanne Craven.

TO 2X.

John Whiteley, Michael Liversedge.

TO 1A.

Kevin Bradshaw, Timothy Bramhall, Kenneth Campbell, Charles Clarkson, Christopher Close, Adrian Dawson, Colin Douthwaite, Richard Douthwaite, Richard Flaherty, Martin Flinton, Anthony Fox, Paul Gibson, Reuben Gilderdale, Kevin Gollaglee, John Harrison, Alan Hayton, Michael Jarratt, Carol Atkins, Susan Carr, Jane Collingwood, Susan Crawshaw, Ann Crozier, Jane Etherington, Jacqueline Farnell, Susan Harrison, Catherine Hett, Julia Longden.

TO 1X.

Christopher Moody, Keith Moore, Richard Page, Andrew Pickard, Kevin Pickard, John Rushworth, Michael Spencer, Richard Taylor, John Thackray, Guy Thompson, Kevin Thompson, Paul Twissell, Alan Walker, Terry Ward, Anthony Wardell, Tervor Wiley, Ian Wright, Dawn Holtby, Linda Milson, Julia Rookes, Susan Sleightholme, Heather Spaven, Beverley Stearn, Elizabeth Stephens, Pamela Stones, Joanne Suddaby, Andrea Teasdale, Diana Ward.

The following joined during Spring Term, 1970:

TO 4B.

Charles, Brader, Peter Smith.

TO 3A.

Susan Ramsdale.

The following joined during Summer Term, 1970:

TO THE FIFTH FORM FROM THE TWO SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

Paul Brooke, Stephen Ellis, Nigel Shaw, Richard Smith, Walter Warren, Stephen Flaherty, Brenda Atkinson, Diane Creaser, Jill Hollingsworth, Wendy Hutchinson, Margaret Jackson, Susan Lovell, Anne Paulin, Gwen Scott, Elspeth Setchfield, Elaine Stephens, Janet Swann, Rosalind Walker, Helen Ware.

TO 3A.

Paul Goacher, Janet Marwood.

TO 1A.

Peter Goacher.

TO 1X.

Elizabeth Marwood.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

JULY, 1970

ADVANCED LEVEL

Firth	General Studies*.
Goforth	History.
Hartley	Woodwork.
Howden	Maths*, Physics, Chemistry.
Hutchinson	Maths.
Ibbotson	Chemistry.
Jaram	History, Economics.
Leake	Chemistry.
Marson	English Lit., History, French.
Plummer	English Lit.
Saltmer	Scripture.
Sunley	History, Art.
Taylor	History.
Pamela Botterill	English Lit., French.
Renee Darley	English Lit., French.
Sheila Foxton	English Lit., History, French.
Clare Jefferson	English Lit., French.
Wendy Johnson	Art.
Barbara McMaster	English Lit., Art, French.
Carol McSorley	Economics.
Susan Peckitt	English Lit., History, Economics.
Mollie Peterkin	English Lit., French.
Susan Preston	English Lit., Scripture.
Judith Rawling	Chemistry, Biology.
Jeanette Seller	English Lit., Scripture.
Elizabeth Simpson	English Lit.
Barbara Smiles	English Lit., Latin, French.
Hilary Thompson	English Lit.
Alison Todd	English Lit., History.
Angela Towse	History, Scripture, Geography.
Julia Whitfield	English Lit., French.
Sara Wisker	Art.

* Denotes pass with Distinction.

ORDINARY LEVEL

The following obtained passes in G.C.E. 'O'-level in November, 1969:

Coe (1), Cowham (1), Crowe (1), Foster (1), Heath (1), Jones (1), Munnings (2), Sunderland (1), Taylor (1), T. Brewer (2), M. Gow (1), L. Ineson (1), V. Johnson (1), J. Kelly (1), G. Towse (1).

The following obtained G.C.E. "O" Level passes in July, 1970:-

5A.—Dale (4), Foster (2), Kirkwood (8), Nellis (5), Peterkin (7), Taylor (6), Wheater (6), White (4), Wiggle, K. (2), S. Davidson (7), A. Davison (7), M. Gow (7), S. Hutchinson (5), V. Lacey (6), M. Land (2), P. Martindale (7), S. Oxtoby (8), S. Shearer (8), N. Sisterton (5), J. Skelton (7), M. Smith (6), C. Snowden (2), C. Teasdale (7), R. Wilson (7), A. Witty (7).

5B.—Bean (3), Bradshaw (1), Cowham (3), Crowe (2), Dobson (1), Heath (3), Munnings (1), Sunderland (4), Thompson (4), T. Brewer (3), V. Johnson (6), K. Muse (3), L. Stokoe (4), J. Towse (5).

The above results do not include passes in Maths. and English Language, which most of the candidates passed whilst in the Fourth Form.

The following Sixth Formers obtained an additional pass at Ordinary Level:-

Bogne, Burns, Cockerill, Fletcher, Foale, Gough, Magee, Monkman, Pearce, M. Crisp, J. Elliott, A. Milne (2).

The following Fourth Formers obtained passes in either English Language or Maths., or both:-

4A.—Andrew (2), Baker (1), Cook (1), Page (2), Pickard (2), Plaxton (1), Postill (1), Pottage (2), Skinner (1), Suddaby (2), Surtees (2), Taylor (2), Wiggle, D. (2), Wilson (2), Coe (1), Jones (1), L. Campbell (2), C. Craggs (2), A. Crawshaw (2), J. Kelly (2), P. Myers (2), S. Parker (2), H. Richardson (2), P. Smith (2), H. Taylor (2).

4B.—Allan (1), Dawson (1), Jennings (2), Noble (1), Prest (1), Sellers, J. (2), Sellers, P. (2), Smith, M. (2), Smith, W. (1), B. Dale (2), L. Darley (1), R. Slaughter (2), D. Stephenson (1), J. Stonehouse (1), J. Wood (1).

C.S.E.

The following passed C.S.E. Maths. at Grade 1 (the equivalent of G.C.E. 'O' level):-

Bradshaw, Taylor, Thompson, G. Levitt, A. Milner, K. Muse, J. Quarton and L. Stokoe.

The following also passed C.S.E. Maths.:-

Bean, Dobson, Simpson, Smith (D), J. Collinson, M. Land, B. Lewis and G. Towse.

SPORT

The loss of Mr. Pay has been sorely felt in many aspects of School life, but most of all, of course, in Games. It is no coincidence that the boys' hockey and basketball results have been poorer than for many years, although Mr. Lucas and Mr. Martindale respectively have done their best to help in their free time.

The School's thanks are owed to these teachers and to the other members of staff who have given help; many pupils have also contributed to ensuring that, while results have been variable, spirit and morale have stayed good. This is, in a sense, a tribute which Staff and Scholars have wished to make to Mr. Pay.

On the whole the season has been a good one for the 1st XI **FOOTBALL** team. Only Northallerton defeated us decisively. Most of the other games were close, skilful and sporting occasions.

The whole team played well all season. Smith and Peterkin troubled the opponents' defence most, scoring 32 goals between them. In the defence Bradshaw and Bean were reliably consistent throughout the season and with Sunley, who always played well in goal, the three formed the basis of one of the best defences the school has had for years.

1st XI Football colours were awarded to A. Burns, S. Bean and C. Bradshaw.

From most points of view the past season has been particularly good for the Junior Football XIs. The Under 13 and 14 XIs both reached the Semi-final of their respective Cups, and the Under 15 XI were in the Final for the second successive year, and this year they managed to win the Cup, beating Lady Lumley's, Pickering, after a replay in the Final. The Under 15 XI had a good season in the Vale of Pickering League too, finishing fourth out of 11. The outstanding players in this team have been Tim Pickard, (who has played for the Vale in all its matches), Steven

Prest (goalkeeper), David Jennings, Peter Sellars, and Stuart Dawson (who has scored over 30 goals). These boys should all be playing regularly for the 1st XI next season.

In the Third Form, Barry Dalton (goalkeeper) and Owen Roberts have played well, and both have considerable potential.

It is hoped to enter the Under 13 XI in the Vale of Pickering League next season and I am sure the team will do well. The First Form has two outstanding players in Kevin Pickard and Richard Flaherty and there are several others in this Form who can help to make next season's Under 13 team one of the strongest the School has ever had.

It is well worth noting from the statistics below that no fewer than eleven different types of teams have played a total of about 70 matches during the season. On several occasions we have played "combined" matches, using players from both M.G.S. and M.C.M. In this respect Mr. Coulthard and Mr. Weatherston from the County Modern School have been very helpful and co-operative in making this venture both possible and successful.

The **BOYS' HOCKEY** has had a disastrous season, winning only one of its dozen or so matches, and that against a weakened Easingwold XI. However, the statistics do not tell the whole story. No doubt, every team which loses most of its matches looks for excuses and tries to overlook the fact that it is playing badly. The fact remains that the odds have been stacked heavily against the School, especially in some of its matches. At M.G.S. hockey is very much a second boys' winter sport, overshadowed by soccer. The team is selected from a squad of just over a dozen boys, ranging from the Fourth Form to the Upper Sixth. At some of our opposing schools, such as Scarborough College, hockey is the only Spring Term sport, and these are Schools which are much larger than M.G.S. and are comprised entirely of Sixth Formers who have several years' experience. Against such opposition, playing for M.G.S. must be like playing for Sutton United against Leeds United. It is perhaps a tribute to the high standard of hockey played by the School a few years ago, that much stronger teams continue to send their best XI. Furthermore, the results do not tell of the gallant individual performances, especially of Stuart Hartley, who has tried desperately to hold the side together when it was disintegrating against stronger sides. Stuart was again

selected as reserve for the Yorkshire School's XI, and his intelligent captaincy and inspired play will be greatly missed next year.

New colours were awarded to Philip Simpson.

The House Six-a-side tournament was won by Willoughby, on goal average, with Fitzwilliam a very close second.

The **BASKETBALL** Squad have had to continue with the minimum of coaching. Captain Robin Graham and Secretary Richard Monkman have taken all the training sessions and organised all the matches. As a result, the usual high standard of play which we have come to expect from M.G.S. basketball squads has not quite been maintained. It is a long time since an M.G.S. squad lost more matches than it won. Even so, the sport has continued to flourish under the enthusiastic leadership of Graham, and at a School's Senior Basketball Tournament at Driffield, the School "B" squad reached the Final, losing to Cottingham.

Girls' **HOCKEY** and **TENNIS** teams have again had successful seasons. Melanie Gow, Sheila Foxton, Alison Witty and Teresa Brewer were all given hockey trials for the North Riding, from which Alison was selected for the Riding 1st XI and Sheila and Teresa were selected for the 2nd XI. Alison was also offered a trial from which the Yorkshire School Girls' XI was selected, but unfortunately she was ill at the time and was forced to withdraw. The School 1st XI was captained by Susan Preston, and the Junior XI by June Stonehouse.

The most promising of the tennis players was Teresa Brewer, who beat Susan Preston in the Final of the School Senior Tournament. Valerie Hicks won the Junior Tournament, whilst the Mixed Doubles was won by A. Sunley and Margaret Frankish.

The First **CRICKET** Eleven completed its fixture list with an exciting, but (for us) unfortunate one-run defeat at Easingwold. This result seemed sadly typical of several games during the season — a close result, but with M.G.S. the losers. In fact, five games were lost by fewer than a dozen runs.

It is, however, easy to account for the mediocre season. Our resources were very limited and the strongest

team possible contained only three bowlers. Moreover, we relied on two players, Sunley and Bradshaw, to score most of the runs. It can be seen from the averages that Bradshaw had an outstanding season with both bat and ball, and he was the only player to receive new colours. Sunley's cricketing experience now extends well beyond the bounds of M.G.S., and his latest honour came when he was chosen to play in the North v South match at the English Schools' Association's Festival at Norwich.

The Under 15 XI, which was particularly strong this season, has rarely been extended. Most of our opponents were beaten convincingly and there is no doubt that about half the team will be playing regularly for the 1st XI in 1971. The Staff XI (with guests!) prevented the team from going through the season undefeated when they won the annual "end-of-the-year" fixture by a mere five runs. Quite frankly though, the Under 15 XI really let this match slip from their grasp — they allowed the Staff to go from 47-9 to 121-9 declared!

The Under 13 XI has, on the other hand, surprised me. I did not expect them to win all their matches. That they did, promises well for the future, especially in two years' time when M.G.S. and M.C.M. will be one school.

In their respective age groups, Dawson and Tiernan have been very good captains.

TEAM RECORDS.

Team	Played	FOOTBALL				
		Won	Drawn	Lost	g/s for	g/s against
1st XI	21	8	5	8	54	54
2nd XI	2	1	0	1	7	8
*Combined U16	1	1	0	0	4	0
Under 15 XI	18	11	2	5	72	53
*Combined U15	5	3	0	2	36	17
Under 14 XI	3	2	0	1	18	4
*Combined U14	1	1	0	0	4	0
Under 13 XI	10	5	0	5	26	24
*Combined U13	6	0	3	3	16	20
Under 12 XI	3	2	1	0	8	3
*Combined U12	1	0	1	0	2	2
Totals	71	34	12	25	247	187

* Denotes matches in which a combined M.G.S. and M.C.M.S. XI was fielded.

BASKETBALL

					Points for	Points against
1st Team Squad	24	10	—	14	552	613

BOYS' HOCKEY

					Goals for	Goals against
	13	1	0	12	7	75

GIRLS' HOCKEY

1st XI	14	6	1	7
Under 15 XI	13	9	1	3

CRICKET

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XI	12	3	1	8
Under 15 XI	8	7	0	1
Under 14 XI	1	0	0	1
Under 13 XI	7	7	0	0

TENNIS

	Played	Won	Lost
1st VI	8	4	4
Under 15 VI	9	5	4

ROUNDERS

Under 13
Coicours.

New Colours have been awarded to:-

Football: S. Bean, C. Bradshaw, A. Burns and C. Saltmer.

Basketball: R. Graham.

Boys' Hockey: P. Simpson.

Girls' Hockey: S. Preston, M. Gow, A. Witty and T. Brewer.

Cricket: C. Bradshaw.

Tennis: T. Brewer, S. Preston.

LEADING AVERAGES

BASKETBALL

	Matches Played	Total Points	Highest Score	No. of Fouls	Average Score
R. Graham	20	174	16	10	8.7
A. Cockerill	20	115	20	12	5.8
S. Turley	10	45	18	7	4.5

CRICKET

1st XI Batting

	Innings	N.O.	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
Sunley	10	2	74	306	38.25
Bradshaw	9	2	56	212	30.29
Prest	7	1	25	74	12.33
Teasdale	10	2	21	97	12.12

Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Bradshaw	106.5	20	304	36	8.44
Sunley	103.1	14	399	23	17.35
Under 15 XI					

Batting

	Innings	N.O.	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
Pickard T.	6	4	57*	164	82.00
Dawson S.	6	3	33	130	43.33
Prest	6	1	54	116	23.20
Carter	7	2	28	80	16.00
Wardle	4	1	19	38	12.67

Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Dawson S.	64	19	168	28	6.00
Sawdon	36.5	4	127	13	9.77
Under 13 XI					

Batting

	Innings	N.O.	Highest Score	Total Runs	Average
Pickard K.	7	2	50	112	22.40
Tiernan	8	1	38	106	15.14

Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Stead	10	1	51	9	5.67
Binge	32.5	8	85	14	6.07
Tiernan	62	16	162	24	6.75

ACTIVITIES

This School year has been a year of numerous activities, the vast majority of which have been organised by Mr. Joannidis, Mr. Wellard and Miss Blake. Several trips to the cinema were undertaken by the senior forms. During September and October parties of senior pupils travelled to Scarborough to see "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." The following month groups of pupils were taken to see "Beckett" at the A.B.C. Cinema in York, and "School for Scandal," also in York.

In December fifty pupils of the Fifth and Sixth Forms went to see the film of "Henry V," also in York. The final trip to the cinema was during May, which was again at York to see a Russian production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." A group of Fifth Formers went to the Theatre Royal at York to see "Henry IV" Part 1 on March 18th.

The theatre has also played a large part in the School's activities, the bulk of the trips being organised for the Sixth Form by Mr. Joannidis. At the end of last year a Sixth Form group, accompanied by Mr. Joannidis and Mr. Martindale, travelled to Billingham to see a production of "Dr. Faustus." In addition, during November a group of senior pupils were taken to see "Edward II" at the Grand Theatre, Leeds. In December the "Caucasian Chalk Circle" was produced at Scarborough High School, and this was seen by a party of senior pupils.

The next outing was organised by Mr. Joannidis, and Miss Blake during March. This was a trip to see the play "Lysistrata" by Aristophanes, which was performed at St. John's College, York. Also in March Mr. Joannidis and Miss Blake took a party of Sixth Formers to see "Othello" at the Central Hall, York University.

The School's musical activities consisted mainly of the combined choirs of the Malton Grammar and County Modern Schools performing a Music Festival on March 18th at the County Modern School. This festival was the first one attempted by the combined Schools of the Malton area.

Mr. Griffiths, who is Head of the Music Department for the North Riding of Yorkshire, attended at the County Modern School to conduct rehearsals. These rehearsals went very satisfactorily and the Music Festival was performed very smoothly. The senior choir formed the main part of the evening's entertainment. During March a small party of senior pupils and members of staff travelled to the Theatre Royal at York to see a performance by the Hallé Orchestra.

The entire School's activities were a great success, and were heartily appreciated by both the members of Staff and the pupils who took part.

DR. BARNARDO'S HELPERS

Dr. Barnardo's has done very well in the last year, making about £15 overall. I think it is unfortunate that a Charity which is so obviously still going strong, should have so little active support. I am very disappointed to find no one willing to be my successor in the role of Secretary of Dr. Barnardo's at this School. I can only hope that a plea from Mr. Taylor will rouse somebody sufficiently to take the responsibility.

JOAN KELLY.

CHARITY COLLECTIONS

Members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms have given invaluable help during the year with Flag Days in the town in aid of various deserving causes. The organisers have expressed their appreciation of this help, as has Mrs. Taylor, who has been the 'contact' person. We have been especially glad to see our boys prominent in this matter; often it is assumed that only girls can, or should, do this work.

THE WALK

The 39 people from M.G.S. who went on the "Trans-Pennine Trundle" in the Summer Term had quite a shock in store for them in one way or another. After the first few hours, which was mainly sleep walking, people began to notice the lack of liquid present in the party. The flies which had plagued us all the way from the start also noticed the lack of water and departed never to return, thank heavens. After a pleasant walk along a river side (The Tees) the coach driver was seen sitting on some

rocks. People rushed towards the driver expecting the coach complete with refreshments to be just round the corner, egged on by the driver's optimistic, "It's only a few minutes away." Our hopes were soon dashed to smithereens. First a stiff climb up the side of a waterfall and then a long and tedious walk in the construction site of a dam with warnings of "Beware, blasting beyond these posts" signs all around. After many stiff climbs over "gentle hills" under the ever increasing heat of the sun the coach was seen in a blaze of golden sunlight.

A lot of people ate lunch outside the coach in groups of two. Only about two-thirds of those who set off from Middleton-on-Tees attempted the walk from the dining place to Dufton. Again it was a pleasant walk for many, many miles with the only blight being the excess of sun and lack of refreshing liquids. The heat even drove certain very respectable members of Staff to take off their shoes and socks and paddle in the cool, refreshing waters of the local river. Many stops were made for the filling of water bottles from the mountain springs, which in some places contained foreign bodies from the wild mountain sheep. A long rest was made above High Cup Nick, where the rain-drops can be seen to go upwards with the unusual wind currents. The view from here was really superb, and as one of the Staff noted, "You don't get a sight like that in Australia." We continued our walk for a while and dark clouds were noticed over the horizon. These formed quickly and soon filled the whole sky, blotting out the golden, life-giving sun. And then it started. People who couldn't swim soon learned; well-worn tracks were soon converted into raging torrents and the wind whipped up at one point, driving the walkers and the rain in its wake. The bus was seen parked in Dufton, to the delight of the walkers. If Mr. Makins did not get any photographs on the walk he certainly could have got a few on the bus, and then blackmailed the subjects. People were not satisfied with the usual rub down but had a **COMPLETE!** change of clothing hidden (sometimes) only by scanty towels held by faithful friends. A weary but cheerful coach of trundlers left the bus at Malton some hours later.

R.H. and B.M.

STAFF ROOM NOTES

Mr. Martindale, assuming a Falstaffian posture, continues to "pontificate" on all subjects under the sun, and so good is Mr. Martindale at this that he managed to convince the writer that a T.V. programme the writer had seen was bad, without having seen it himself! . . . Mr. Lucas' many

"disciples" need not worry because behind that "trendy" look the "halo" still shines as true and as bright as ever . . . Question: Why do Messrs. Martindale and Lucas go home during the lunch break? Two things happen to Miss Blake as the academic year nears its end: (1) She looks more and more helpless (or is it "dazed") and (2) She oversleeps more frequently — Miss Blake's excuse for the latter fault? "I can't sleep in the same room as my alarm clock!" . . . Miss Barry has been caught by the writer looking lovingly at her engagement ring — like all women Miss Barry firmly believes that diamonds are a girl's best friend . . . Miss Clarke is the only member of staff who manages to look immaculate, even when filling the kettle . . . Mrs. Mason wears the shortest minis on the staff, while Mr. Mason works hard setting problems for his evening Bridge class . . . Miss Fricker always comes to the rescue with a smile and a cigarette whenever the writer is tearing his hair over "The Problem of the Day" . . . Mr. Whiteley always contrives to sit in such a position as to be able to blow the smoke from his pipe in the direction of Miss Blake . . . Mr. Greaves does not "grace" the staff room very often; he does, however, make the occasional "guest appearance" at 4-15 p.m.; but unfortunately by then the writer is usually exerting himself on the tennis courts . . . Mr. Makins still continues to extol with evangelical zeal the virtues of Christian Aid . . . Mademoiselle all too rarely, alas, shakes her pony tail in the staffroom . . . Question: I wonder why Mr. Reed always manages to look so busy when tea is being served? . . . Mrs. Kay, despite pleas by the author to stay, never spends more than a few minutes in the staffroom — Come back, Mrs. Kay . . . Mr. Bratt still breaks crockery, but with an unmistakeably mischievous grin on his face . . . The writer is often puzzled by the "Mona Lisa" expression which Mr. Wellard wears in the staffroom, and would give a lot to know what bemuses the good Mr. Wellard so much . . . Mrs. Williams does not speak French in the staffroom as was predicted in a previous edition of this magazine . . . Mrs. Taylor is an even rarer bird than Mr. Greaves so far as staffroom appearances is concerned . . . The most talked-about member of the Staff is by virtue of his position very rarely in the staffroom . . . To end, the writer wishes to state that he has finally accepted his position as second pontificator and sincerely hopes that his colleagues will not sue him because of this little "expose" . . .

A.S.J.

P.S.—I am very disturbed by some peculiar "goings on" in the staffroom. Mr. Martindale, Mr. Reed and some-

times Mr. Mason pass little bits of paper to each other with funny symbols written on them such as J, K, Q, xxxx, which they look at, lost in concentration for a long time and then shout out odd things like "four clubs," "three diamonds" and "five spades"!

I believe that they are planning to rob some jeweller's shop in Hatton Gardens, which will involve clubs and spades, famous diamonds, using a getaway car, registration number J, K, Q, xxxx (numbers excluded for security reasons) — if it isn't a robbery they are planning, then they are spies using clever code names, and M.I.5 ought to be informed.

A.S.J.

PREFECTS' ROOM NOTES

This year, with nearly forty in the Upper Sixth, the Prefects' Room has been bursting at the seams. The decor has changed little — a bright red ceiling, one blue wall and two white walls (at least they're supposed to be). There remains a hint of psychedelia on the door and waste paper bin and the only real change came when we had some new shelves put in. (We never did get our mirror back Mr. D.)

Throughout the year the atmosphere, which at times made a London smog look like a light mist, has always been amiable. Well, nearly always — Sally and Chris occasionally fought ten rounds that would have put Henry Cooper to shame, but in the end they made up. The only other real violence occurred when Boz, having heard that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had put the price of beer up, released his anger and put his "bovver boot" through the bench. (It was patched up before Mr. D. noticed!)

Bridge, whist and "black-mog," which have played such a vital role in the social life of the Prefects' Room in recent years, were shunned. Perhaps it was because we worked so hard, although the Staff would find that difficult to believe.

At Christmas we had the usual festivities and the sherry bottles, having been concealed under the benches, were found by Mrs. Kay towards the end of term. The only decoration during the festive season in the Prefects' Room, apart from the sherry bottles, was a fairy majestically placed on top of the 1925-6 1st XI Football Team photograph.

Liz and Stewart turned our room into an aviary for a while when they adopted two young house martins. They needed feeding frequently and as each hour passed vociferous song arose from the box until the maggot tin appeared and their mouths were filled. Sheila's radio has provided musical entertainment throughout our leisure hours and occasionally during lesson times (much to Mr. Taylor's consternation). Anyway thanks Sheila!

Somewhere, but nobody seems to know quite where, we sat 'A'-levels and we are sure our "hard" work will be suitably rewarded — we'll see you next year!

One could not write these notes without a mention of the sudden loss of Mr. Rolls. As our Form Master Mr. Rolls earned the respect of all the Upper Sixth because to us he was not only a teacher, but a friend and counsellor. He was patient and we are all sure that M.G.S. will never be the same again.

Well, there is little else to say as we all depart, some to College, some to University, some to jobs, and one to holy wedlock, except that we have enjoyed this year and the six preceding ones. We are convinced that we were an efficient bunch and not too severe. To next year's Upper Sixth we bequeath the kettle, plastic bowl, several cracked mugs and the manifold inscriptions of those who have gone before, which adorn the Prefects' Room. Our thanks to Mr. Taylor, the Staff, Mr. Dowding and the cleaners for their patience and as M.G.S. enters its last year before going Comprehensive we say good-bye and Good Luck!

GEOFFREY MARSON.

Verse, Articles, Features

WINTER

Decaying leaves
Blown away,
Gloomy mornings
Darkening days.
Cold and dreary,
Foggy November,
Crisp and clear,
Frosty December.
Windows glisten
With silver ferns.
The yule tide log
Brightly burns.
Crunching snow
Fragile ice.
Icicles hang
like tails from mice.

JULIE TOWSE (2 Alpha)

A COUPLE OF BOYS

Once upon a time,
There was a county,
And in this county there was a town,
And in this town there was a street,
And in this street there was a house,
And in this house there lived two boys.
It was Christmas,
And they each got a present,
They got a wooden horse each,
And on that day,
They both went out to play,
They played at being soldiers,
Until one horse broke,
And one brother said to the other:-
"Come on soldier get on my horse,
there's room for two."
Now these two boys they grew up,
And they both entered the army,
And at the Battle of the Ridge,
One brother's horse was shot clean dead,
And up came the other brother,
And he said:-
"Come on soldier get on my horse,
there's room for two."

S. CHAPMAN (2A).

A SNOWBALL FIGHT

The snow had fallen in the night,
It now lay still, clean and white.
There was silence in the street,
Until the "gang" began to meet.
Excited cries broke through the air.
Unwashed faces, unbrushed hair.
Down the street, rushing madly,
Younger brothers crying sadly.

Another street, another gang,
Making snowballs fast as they can.
"Now to get the big fight started,
Come on all, don't be downhearted."
"Fetch the snowballs on the sledges,
Then find cover, behind some hedges."

Then the "1st gang" hear a noise,
Some are girls, some are boys.
A snowball hit the "gang" leader,
Another came from behind a cedar,
They came from all directions now,
Snowballs whizzing, duck down low.
Now the "gang" start to snowball back,
Some boys go behind as rear attack.

3 o'clock, 4 o'clock, time goes by,
Then at last a joyful cry
Tea-time! Come in and get dry.
In troop the "gangs," wet as can be
Snowball fighting from 20 to 3.
Snowballs on legs and feet
Neck and hands, nose and ears.
Younger brothers dry their tears.
Eat and eat and drink your tea
More snowballs tomorrow at 20 to 3!

LINDA SHAW (2 Alpha).

DIGGING ON THE BEACH

It was a lovely warm day and I was sitting on the beach enjoying the change in the weather. A few yards away from me was a small boy digging a hole in the sand with a blue plastic spade. The different looks on his face amused me. First of all he looked fiercely at his spade as if he was telling it that it had to help him dig his hole. As he dug on, his tongue slowly came out and curled round the corner of his mouth. Suddenly he stopped, and stared down into the hole. His eyes were wide open, and he slowly put his arm down into the hole. As he slowly brought it out again I saw that in his hand he had a large shell. First the small boy shook it, then he sniffed it, and then he put it on the sand and sat on it. Then he carried on with his digging. As he worked he frowned with nothing at all on his mind except for the hole that he was digging. It was quite big now and so he climbed down into it. But he was soon out again, this time with a plastic orange juice cup. With this cup he gleefully ran down to the sea and came walking back slowly with it full of water. He smiled as it went into the hole, but looked puzzled when it all drained away. He did this a few more times but got disgusted when the water would not stay in and so he wandered away to find another pastime.

JUDITH HICKS (2A).

MY FIRST SEA VOYAGE

We were on holiday in Scotland and at that time we were in Oban. We went down to the harbour and boarded the ship which went round the Isle of Mull, stopping at the Island of Iona. When we were out at sea, the boat made easy going of the choppy sea. I did not see most of the journey for I was always exploring the ship. We stopped at Tobermory for a few minutes. Here in olden days a Spanish galleon sank and has not been found since. We then set sail again on a North-bound route round the island. While we were eating our lunch we passed Staffa, which is a very small island made up of volcanic rock and lava and on one side there is a large cave called Fingal's Cave. On one of my expeditions on the ship I found the engine room and when the door was opened a blast of hot air came out. There were lots of gauges and further down you could see the boilers. Halfway through the afternoon we came to the Island of Iona, where we left the ship and went to the island in a small boat. We were allowed two hours on the island. We then made our way back to Oban. I thoroughly enjoyed the voyage and hope to go again sometime.

C. LUCKINS (2 Alpha).

LIMERICK

There was a young "skinhead" called Noot
Who loved to put in the boot.

A Master one day

Took his bootlace away

And his braces were taken as loot.

IAN COE (4A).

EXAM HOWLERS

The skeletons are the human bones all in a form of
a person. (1 Alpha Biology).

* * * *

The diction is good, and the verse is blank.

(6 Lower English)

* * * *

When you clean the inside of a sink you use the
same method as the outside. But cleaning the top different.
(1st Year Domestic Science)

* * * *

Handel was filled with electric charges. (3B Physics)

* * * *

Population density is the amount of people per square
mile in a certain area, taken from the average of people
in relation to the amount of land covered. (3A Geography)

* * * *

Post Script.—I revised the questions you did not set!
(6 Lower Geography)

* * * *

If light did not travel in straight lines you would
never be walking where you were. (1 Alpha Physics).

The Best of "Nainotlam"

MISS BLAKE'S VISIT TO AMERICA

There were many activities which Miss Blake noticed during her visit, but the one which was particularly imprinted on her mind was Games. This is even more surprising when we know Miss Blake's feelings as regards Games! During her stay Miss Blake attended many matches, often having to travel as much as sixty miles in an evening. "The people seem to take Games seriously and have 'pep-club' girls to cheer the teams on, but they are not allowed to travel in the same bus as the team members. The girls belonging to the pep-club are headed by a cheer leader, and they all have to cheer heartily or else they are dismissed from the club. Of course they wear short skirts and do little dances, so there is a light-hearted side to their work as well."

When schools were playing one another, hundreds of spectators turned out to watch and the hall would be packed with people. That certainly isn't the case here. However, supporters of opposing teams were not very friendly and would sit on opposite sides of the hall. Spectators would all wear the colours of the team they were supporting and would boo and cheer.

Miss Blake would tell them what we do in England, and then, she said, "They thought I was odd, but I told them I wasn't."

In October they have a homecoming when all the people have returned to College. A king and queen are crowned and, at the homecoming dance, they are referred to as royalty! The halls are decorated, as much as two hundred dollars being spent on decorations.

They have a completely different system of education, which is free up to eighteen. They have the same timetable every day (sounds very boring!) and have no homework, but instead practise their instruments. There are three bands; the Senior High Band (for which you have to pass a test in order to belong), the "Junior High" and the Beginners' Band. The classes are unstreamed because they "have a thing to keep everybody the same." Miss Blake said it is quite impossible to repeat a year. She also had the impression that the brightest people were bored because there was not enough to occupy them.

The Band was often parading, and sometimes she had to get up at four o'clock in the morning to go with them. I hope that she does not carry that out here!

At Christmas Miss Blake and a friend went on a tour to Texas and Louisiana. In summer time, travelling north-west for three days through virtually nothing, they reached Yellowstone Park. "There was everything there," Miss Blake said, "and the bears even came into the car if they were given the chance! There were hot geysers and volcanoes as well." Eventually they visited the Grand Canyon. Miss Blake states that — the police were friendly.

Before returning to Britain, she went down to Miami in Florida, but had great difficulty in securing a sea-ticket to Jamaica. (Americans fly everywhere). They crossed on the Jamaica Queen and Miss Blake says, "Those two days and nights were enough." However, on reaching Jamaica, the Customs would not let them off, and they spent a whole day in discussion. Miss Blake thought that Jamaica was beautiful. She stayed with an archaeologist, the house having barred windows, and three armed guards outside. In slow traffic the car windows would be wound up and the doors locked. This was due to the unstable position which Jamaica is in. Miss Blake also spent two weeks on the north coast of Jamaica.

When returning home, she travelled in a banana boat, and, of all the three boats on which she travelled, she preferred the last.

All in all it seems that Miss Blake has had a very enjoyable time in America.

M.C. (October, 1969).

FAILURE

Bang!
They're off.
Sprint for the lead,
equal first.
Over stiles,
jump brook.
Breathing hard,
Gasp!
Through mud,
breathing hard.
Up hill,
legs heavy.
Round corner,
finish in sight.
You trip,
broken leg.
Failure!

IAN KNEESHAW (October, 1969).

The War,
Never ending,
Everlasting;
Life spending.

The War.
People dying,
In the mud.
People dying,
In the mud.

Why this killing?
There is no telling.
A man wants power
So people die
Every hour.

There is the fall
of population
And the wipe-out
of a generation.

STUART DAWSON (October, 1969).

POWER

Why?
Why is the world like it is?
With its wars.
Millions killed,
Millions dead,
People fighting for one thing:
Power.
Power to rule the enemy;
Is it worth it just for
Power?
Wars,
Millions killed,
Millions dead,
Why is the world like it is?

DENISE STEPHENSON (October, 1969)

CROSS-COUNTRY

At the start and ready to go,
Bang, they are off, don't be slow.
Down the field and over the gate,
Over the road but don't be late.
Run you're last
Steady but fast,
Run, now run, you're not the last.
Through the wood and over the road,
Jump the stile and follow the row
of people going steadily home.
At last the tape is well in sight,
One last spurt and,
One last fight.
You're not the first by any means,
Well done! Hurray, you're in the team.

JUDITH WOOD (October, 1969).

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

A mere five weeks spent in a country hardly qualifies any visitor to speak with authority of life in that country. Consequently it would be very pretentious of me to attempt to describe life in the Soviet Union, as I feel I have barely scratched the surface of that huge nation. Therefore, I intend to do more than to jot down memories of one or two incidents that remain in my mind, following my visit to Moscow and Leningrad last summer.

Officially I was a member of a "delegation" of English teachers of Russian. To belong to a delegation, you soon discover, entitles you to numerous concessions, without which any visit to the Soviet Union would try the patience of Job: you jump the queue outside Lenin's Mausoleum, you gain admission to museums and historical monuments which remain unaccountably closed to the queuing multitudes of Russian tourists, you do normally receive service in restaurants. Our departure coincided with the return to Britain of Gerald Brook, and the arrival of Anatoly Kuznetsov. I must admit, then, to a certain apprehension — a feeling helped in no way by the well-meaning official from the British Foreign Office, who had given us all strict instructions to remain tight-lipped and tight-fisted during our stay, to hang on to our woollens, and above all to ignore completely Soviet womanhood.

This last instruction proved not so burdensome as you may imagine. Although I must have seen plenty of attractive younger versions of the Russian female, the lasting impression is of an enormous bear-like creature, broader than it is high; and it is ubiquitous — it scowls at you from behind its desk at the end of every hotel corridor, it scolds you for littering the pavement with a dead match, it cleans and repairs the roads, it drives diesel-rollers, it lays bricks, it descends in indignation when an unsuspecting tourist tries to pass through the automatic barrier of the Moscow Underground without dropping his 5 kopek piece into the slot. No wonder Hitler was repulsed at Stalingrad! I'm surprised he managed to progress even as far as that city.

To the decadent Westerner, brought up on diesel fumes and commercial pressure, Russian cities offer a relaxing atmosphere. Private cars are still a rarity, and your senses are not attacked on all sides in frenzied efforts to badger you to buy some product you do not really want. You can literally stand in the middle of Red Square in

Moscow in complete safety and hear nothing but your own heart beat. The underground stations are like vast subterranean temples; the floors are spotless, the marble of the walls and pillars gleams at you, uncluttered by advertisements of female attire. Personally, I very much enjoyed the absence of advertising.

In a state-controlled system, in which there is no such thing as commercial competition between rival firms, advertising is, of course, unnecessary. Perhaps this is just as well, as you can't find much to buy in Russian shops, as it is. Your chances of finding what you are looking for when shopping are remote in the extreme. Furthermore, no one seems very interested in selling you anything; no shop assistant's livelihood depends on the success of her establishment in selling goods to the customer; she is employed by the state. Even if you do find something to buy, between announcing your intention to purchase and receiving the object from the sales girl, you have to undergo a series of severe character tests. The system is roughly as follows:

"Miss, you wouldn't have a **Guide to Moscow**, would you?" (Experience teaches you to phrase your questions in this hopeless vein.)

"Yes."

Not being prepared for this eventuality, you now have to hurriedly work out a few rarely used Russian expressions.

"Show me one, please. How much is it?"

"One rouble 27 kopeks."

"I'll have it."

"Pay at the cash desk."

As you have already queued 20 minutes to reach the counter, you are not too pleased to see that you now have another lengthy wait at the cash-desk. Anyway, you eventually arrive face to face with the 20-stone cashier.

"Which counter are you from?"

"Number 6."

"Wrong cash-desk. I only deal with counters 1 to 5."

Twenty minutes later, you face the cashier for counter number 6.

"How much?"

"One rouble er . . ."

Red-faced with embarrassment, you wend your way back to counter number 6 to check on the price, which you have forgotten. Of course, this means a further queue.

Half an hour later you have paid your one rouble 27 kopeks, and, armed with your chit, triumphantly join another lengthy queue to claim your purchase. This has

been wrapped in blue paper, and, all unsuspecting, you rush back to your hotel to devour the contents of your newly-acquired book, only to find that in error you have been given a booklet on the latest manganese-production figures of Novosibirsk.

Moscow has nowhere for the tourists to sip a cool glass of something refreshing and watch the world go by. If you want a drink you have to choose between lemonade and "kvass"; this last drink is a repugnant liquid brewed from bread — it is a filthy brown colour, and tastes vaguely like flat dandelion and burdock. Whatever your choice of drink, the system is the same. You join the inevitable queue at the drinks machine. When you arrive at the front, you seize the one and only glass and, holding it upside-down, press it on to a perforated metal plate. This is supposed to have the effect of rinsing the glass, but in fact normally results in water squirting itself incriminately down the front of your trousers. So you decide to be unhygienic. You insert your 3 kopeks in the slot, and hold the glass steady to receive a stream of extremely doubtful-looking liquid. Meanwhile, behind you, the pressure of forty fat females is building up, so you have to knock back your drink prestissimo.

Lenin, of course, is with you wherever you go inside the Soviet Union. His body lies embalmed on a vault beneath Red Square, looking for all the world as if it is on loan from Madame Tussaud's. Everywhere vast posters inform you that "Lenin, lived, lives and shall live," that "Lenin is always with us," that "Lenin lives for ever." Every bookshop has its Lenin counter, every art gallery its Lenin room, every record shop its Lenin department. I can honestly say that, although book shops and record shops were always crowded, the Lenin counters were always deserted! All over Moscow little street plaques inform you that "Lenin spoke here." There is the Lenin Library, the Lenin Mills, the Lenin Underground, the Lenin Collective Farm — I could go on ad nauseam. And, of course, there is Leningrad, surely one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

There is so much more I could say about my visit, but probably I have already written too much from the Editor's point of view. In conclusion I can only say that, in spite of those fearful females, in spite of a diet of sour cream, potatoes and kvass, in spite of Lenin, I thoroughly enjoyed my stay in Moscow and Leningrad. The people we met could not have been more helpful and friendly; they appeared happy and contented with their lot. I certainly hope to be able to return there one day.

R. E. BOWER (November, 1969).

AUTUMN

The leaves of trees are often caught in bits of wire
On hedges and fences,
Like spiders' webs with flies
Caught helplessly, in the woven thread.
The leaves are many different colours:
Green in the middle,
Then yellow,
Then brown.
The conkers are here, brown, like mahogany.
Seagulls gather round the football pitches.
Dew soaks the leather of your shoes.
Ivy is a very crimson colour now.

J. S. WHITELEY (November, 1969).

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a time of peace,
When Jesus Christ was born,
All the children in their sleep,
Dream of the coming dawn.

They will wake and, hurriedly,
Rush to the Christmas tree,
Where parcels lying peacefully
Are opened carelessly.

Without a thought for Jesus Christ,
The children happily
Play outside in snow and ice,
But not a thought for Thee.

JAYNE HOLLINGS (December, 1969).

CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCES

Long past are the days of yule logs, white Christmases, robins and carol singers. Long past are the days when a small child was dragged into the hall on a yule log, greeted by smells of roasting ox and Christmas pudding smothered with brandy and burning merrily. Where have all the real holly and mistletoe branches gone, and the ornate dried flowers? What house still has a large Christmas tree growing from a tub in the middle of the room.

Instead, there are no blazing fires — only central heating — the only robin in sight is on the Christmas card from "the man next door." Carol singers come occasionally, but who still sings without a fee? There are no more oxen roasting over open fires, just frozen, prepacked, prestuffed and silver foil-wrapped chickens smouldering in the oven. Christmas puddings? You buy them in a tin, boil them in tin, soon we will be eating them out of the tin. Who decorates their rooms with live blooms? Now there is only plastic holly with anaemic berries and covered with tinsel, and what colours! Purple, blue, red, pink, green, silver, even gold. To finish off the scene, standing on the colour television, showing space science-fiction programmes is the shiny, silvery, plastic Woolworth's Christmas tree, covered with electric candles and flame-proof, bargain-price, pressure-tested glass balls.

Where has religion gone?

STEPHEN COWHAM, 3A (December, 1969).

STAFF RECORD SELECTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

Here are a few suggestions as to which records the members of staff should purchase for themselves.

Mr. Taylor: Everybody's Talking (in assembly!)

Call me, number one.

Hair.

Mrs. Taylor: Always something there to remind me.

Give peace a chance.

Mrs. Kay: Too busy thinking 'bout my baby.

Miss Barry: My Chérie Amour.

Mrs. Williams: Je t'aime.

Mr. Joannidis: Sleepy Joe.

Me the peaceful heart.

If I ruled the world.

Mr. Mason: It takes two.

Mrs. Mason:

Miss Blake: Honey Tonk Women.

Make Your Own Kind of Music.

Mr. Bratt: Natural Born Bugie.

Mr. Wellard: Curly.

Mr. Lucas: That's the way God planned it.

Lazy Sunday (and Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri.)

Mr. Whitely: Something in the air.

Mr. Greaves: Ogden's Nut Gone Flake.

Mr. Martindale: If I were a Carpenter.

If I had a hammer.

Mr. Makins: Behind a painted smile.

Miss Clarke: Sugar, Sugar.

Miss Fricker: Bend Me, Shake Me.

Mrs. Morris: Yummy, Yummy, Yummy?

An afterthought, each member of the staff could receive a copy of "When we were young." And each pupil a copy of "Saved by the bell."

SAM and KEN.

P.S.—We can't think of anything appropriate for Mr. Reed. Perhaps some readers may have some suggestions?

WHAT SHALL WE BUY THE STAFF?

Mr. Taylor: A hair dryer.

Mrs. Taylor: A pair of stilts.

Mrs. Kay: Lipstick.

Miss Barry: Highway Code (to prevent accidents).

A Noddy Annual.

Mrs. Williams: Cough Sweets.

Mr. Joannidis: Teach Yourself English.

Mr. Mason: An Abacus.

Mrs. Mason: A micro mini skirt.

Miss Blake: A book of original jokes.

Mr. Wellard: A 'square' dance record.

Mr. Lucas: A pair of braces.

Mr. Whitely: A gallon of petrol (so that he can come to school in his car).

Mr. Greaves: A new car (if we're feeling rich) and a coffee mug.

Mr. Reed: "Human Dissection" by A. Rat.

Mr. Martindale: A small wooden stool and a cutlery box.

Mr. Makins: A painting by numbers set.

Miss Clarke: A launderette?

SAM and KEN (December, 1969).

THE TRIALS OF A FOOTBALL REFEREE

It is sometimes suggested that a referee's job is becoming more exacting because of increasing violent play on the part of the players. This may or may not be so, but certainly most soccer spectators are aware of the referee's problems when faced with a situation where ill feeling amongst the players flares up. Spectators may be less aware of some of the other problems which face a referee.

Mr. Mason was appointed by the F.A. to referee the 2nd round Amateur Cup Match between Evenwood Town (in County Durham) and Hendon. The match was due to be played on Saturday, 10th January, when weather conditions in the North-East of England were very poor. On the preceeding Thursday, Mr. Mason received a telephone call from Evenwood's Secretary, asking him to inspect the pitch the day before the match was due to be played, so that in the event of cancellation, the Hendon team could avoid making the journey North. As it happened, Mr. Mason declared the pitch playable, even though most other matches in the area (including Newcastle's) were postponed. That Friday night there was a very rapid thaw, and as Mr. Mason drove over to Evenwood, he was congratulating himself that he had made the correct decision. Quite a large crowd had gathered, including three coach loads of spectators from Hendon. Unfortunately, shortly before the kick-off, the fog came down. It came down so rapidly, that rightly or wrongly, Mr. Mason decided it might lift as quickly, and he started the match in hopes. However, after about a quarter of an hour he called the players off, hoping to be able to restart the game later. He knew that he could not long delay the progress of the match, because at Evenwood there are no floodlights, and even if the fog had lifted, the match would have ended in total darkness. Mr. Mason asked a policeman how he thought the crowd of about 2,000 would react to the match being abandoned then, and was told that they would probably show their annoyance forcibly. He also asked how many police were on duty at the ground, and was told a mere two.

So Mr. Mason continued the match whilst police reinforcements were called for, but conditions did not get any better, and the match was abandoned at half-time. What made matters more trying for Mr. Mason was that, since this match was one of very few being played in the North-East, a number of National pressmen were covering

it, some feeling, and stating so in the National papers, that Mr. Mason was over optimistic in starting the match at all. However, he claimed that the players had been able to have a work out, the teams had been able to assess each other, and the crowd at least seen half a match — that none had really lost anything. Perhaps the only exception was one of the players who had had his name taken for an over-aggressive tackle.

The match was rearranged for the following Saturday, 17th January, but again, on the preceeding Thursday evening, Mr. Mason had a telephone call asking him to inspect the pitch; this time, not because of snow or ice, but because the pitch was waterlogged. He managed to get in touch with a local referee, and the match was again postponed — this time to Saturday, 24th January. Again Mr. Mason was asked to inspect the pitch on the previous day, but although the ground was still very wet, the match was duly played, a first class match ending in a one-all draw. Although the saga went on for the two teams concerned, it ended for Mr. Mason, for unlike replays in the F.A.-cup, different referees are appointed (where long distances are involved) for replays in the Amateur Cup. The outcome was that Mr. Mason had to travel over 500 miles after which one cup result was still undecided.

Stick to refing school matches, Mr. Mason. It's less wearing on the nerves!

(P.S.—In the replay, Hendon beat Evenwood by 4 goals to 2 after extra time.)

(February, 1970).

Z VENUS ONE TO B.D.: REPORT ON EARTH INSTITUTION M/GS

Between the large blocks, in which novices from the surrounding area are initiated, stands a small inner temple supported on pillars which are in line with the equinoctial risings and settings of the sun. Within this raised sanctum the priests gather.

There are two altars. The first is a sun, symbolically represented as a square which the priests face in a sitting position, unless they have just entered, whereupon they make obeisance by presenting their backs to this altar whilst in a standing position.

The second is a table, again symbolically recti-linear,

on and about which are numerous artefacts needed for the continual performance of ritual. Unlike most altars, on which the sacred trappings are arranged symmetrically and in particular position, this has its religious accessories strewn about at random, thereby representing chaos. Furthermore in contrast to the sun altar, the sacramental altar is in that corner of the room which makes access most difficult.

The form of the sacrament is the preparation, distribution and consumption of an infusion. The order of events in preparation is not perfectly standardised. Only occasionally does he who represents wrong-doing symbolically reject the ritual by throwing the remains of the previous infusion out of the window. The distribution of the potion seems random, and, whilst most of the distributors maintain an appropriate solemnity, one voluble neophyte behaves with irreverence even when serving the High Priest. From time to time, vestals remove the drinking vessels to the furthest point of the foundation for libation.

The burning of incense is continuous. Participation in this rite is confined to an elite, responsible for the safety of the joss-sticks which they keep about their persons and which they light and hold — in their mouths curiously enough. Occasionally the major priests have been observed to allow the voluble one to share their privilege.

(February, 1970).

PHILIP SIMPSON'S VISIT TO SINGAPORE

As a member of the Air Training Corps, the average cadet has a large number of interesting and rewarding activities available to him. As a result of finishing third in the North-East Region, A.T.C., Cross-Country Championship, I was lucky to be granted an overseas flight to Singapore. In keeping with the Royal Air Force's efficiency, there was then a period of form-filling and injections, prior to the actual flight.

On February 17th I left a snowbound Malton, travelling by train to Air Cadet headquarters, R.A.F. Brampton. After pre-flight briefing, receiving tropical-knit, and an overnight stay at the Route Hotel (R.A.F. Lyneham), I boarded a U.C. 10 of R.A.F. Air Support Command at R.A.F. Brize Norton and took off for the 'Far East' on Thursday afternoon.

While on board I formed part of the crew, flying as an assistant air quarter-master. I was given ample opportunity, during my flight, to see the crew at work on the aircraft flight deck. For most of the flight I was thus occupied, and the crew were very helpful in explaining the numerous, complex elements of flying the U.C. 10.

After a flight of eight hours, during which we were served with both snacks and dinner, we landed at Maharaq, Bahrein. Even though it was 12.30 a.m., the heat was intense, the temperature outside being 80°F. in the shade. After a brief stay for aircraft refuelling, servicing, and a change of crew, we took off again, this time for the Maldive Islands in the Indian Ocean. As you can imagine, by this time, I was feeling quite tired and, for most of this stage of the flight, I slept. After another servicing and refuelling stop at Gan, which is a tiny island to the South-East of the Maldive group of Islands, we resumed our flight to Singapore. On this, the final stage of the flight, I spent most of my time on the flight deck and had some marvellous views of the Island of Sumatra and the Malaysian Coast which lay some five miles below. In the late afternoon of Friday, 20th of February we landed at R.A.F. Changi, Singapore, after a journey of some 7,500 miles.

For the duration of my stay at Changi, I was accommodated in the Changi Creek transit Hotel. The Hotel itself was situated on the banks of Changi Creek and afforded a good view of the estuary and surrounding sea. The accommodation was run to a very high standard and included tea in bed, brought by the Chinese 'amah' or room maid. Royal Air Force Changi is situated on the South-West tip of Singapore Island, some 18 miles from Singapore itself. It is Britain's largest overseas base and was spread over such a wide area that, in order to get about between the various sections, a camp bus- and taxi-service was operated. The base itself had several amenities common to most air bases including: swimming pool, golf course, bowling alley, radio station, and cinema.

The climate of Singapore was different from the climate of Britain in many ways. It never rained once during my stay, and temperatures were very high, rising to as much as 98°F. at noon. At times it proved to be rather uncomfortable, but it was a nice change from the wintry conditions at home. As to the weird tales of mosquitoes and snakes, the only creatures of any significance were the lizards which came into my bedroom at night.

The day I arrived was the end of the Chinese New Year. I was lucky enough to be driven into the centre of Singapore on the Friday night. The streets were filled with people, and giant fire-crackers were being let off as part of the celebrations. The Fire-crackers — many of them standing as much as six feet high — leave piles of red paper after being let off. The amount of red paper left outside each house signifies the amount of good fortune that particular household will have during the coming year. Singapore was certainly a magnificent place and rather frightening at night, especially on this particular night, due to the celebrations which were in progress.

The following day, I visited Singapore City by daylight and was somewhat disillusioned. The squalor of the town's suburbs was a complete contrast to the spacious and modern city-centre. After doing some shopping and having a good look around the city, I returned to Changi. The remainder of the weekend was spent relaxing in the warmth of the tropical sun.

The whole of Monday I was looking around the different squadrons based at Changi. To me this was of great interest, and the climax of the visit was a flight in a Helicopter — a Whirlwind. During the flight we passed over the Jungle and, along with two other 'Choppers,' practised landings in the jungle clearings. The Jungle, even from the relative safety of a helicopter, still looked a very inhospitable place.

Tuesday was the day of my return flight, and much of the day was spent preparing for the return journey to England. However, there was time to have a last look around Changi and to take my last look at the Orient. At seven-thirty that night, our aircraft took off for Brize Norton, England, and once again I regained my status as assistant air-quartermaster. On the return flight, several interesting incidents occurred. After refuelling at Gan, we flew on to Akroteri, Cyprus, which (in contrast to the sunshine of Gan and Changi) was cold and wet. At this stage, several of the passengers disembarked, and some of the seating was removed. In their place a bed was erected, and we were informed that a seriously-ill, hospital patient was being brought on board. After this we took off on the last stage of our journey. This stage was not without incident for one engine had to be shut down due to a mechanical failure and this, combined with strong headwinds, made our flying time much greater. Over France the cloud cleared,

and it was possible to see the different physical regions of the country, stretching from the Alps to the Paris Basin. Over Heathrow Airport, London, the crew pointed out a 'Jumbo Jet' preparing to take off, and this added to the interest of my return flight. I landed in England at 11-30 a.m. on Wednesday, 28th February after a tedious but nevertheless interesting return flight.

On the whole, my experiences in the 'Far East' were both enjoyable and rewarding. They gave me a true insight into the operations of an aircraft of the Royal Air Force in its long-range, troop-transporting role. The trip also gave me a chance to see something of the life in Singapore and the organisation and life on a British overseas base. But I think, most of all, it gave me the chance to get away from the wind and rain of Britain to the warm sun of Singapore.

PHILIP SIMPSON (March, 1970).

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN AID?

Said quickly, it sounds like a new kind of drink, to have at your elbow, perhaps to sip, while you watch the Telly, while Panorama and the rest show you the poverty, the hunger, the homelessness, the destitution of most of the rest of the world.

They will tell you all the facts. One-fifth of the world own four-fifths of the resources, the industry, the technical know-how, the means of communication, the super protein diets. The rich nations are increasing their wealth so fast that their improvement between 1961 and 1967 was more than the total income of the other 80% by far. Is it any wonder that this means resentment? Or that they want to come and live here?

Of course you have been told all this before. After a time it makes little impression. It is easy to joke about putting on weight, but with some people in this England it is a big worry. Fancy worrying because you eat more than you need!

After all, no-one asked you if you wanted to be born, let alone gave you a choice as to where in this world. So just remember your luck. Wave the (I'm all right) Jack.

But remember Christian Aid. That is the practical branch of the World Council of Churches, the organisation of Christian bodies all over the world, that is concerned

with collecting money for all those in need. They have a special week once a year and put envelopes in everybody's letterbox in the hope that you have a conscience. What is half-a-crown (only it will be 2/- this year) that we won't miss — a few cigarettes perhaps? It made over a million last year. Most of this went to help people to help themselves; to grow more food. Emergency aid to the trouble spots, Nigeria, Vietnam, took another slice, and so did the refugees, the people in need, never mind how they got like that. The Samaritan did not ask the man who was beaten up how he had been so stupid as to get there.

Most people are humane, kindly, well-meaning. It is easy to be when you are well off. Christian Aid puts in the work, to appeal to your concern, for those whom circumstance has beaten to their knees. They didn't choose their birth place either.

G.E.M. (March, 1970).

THE DANGERS OF TEACHING PRACTICE FOR THE STUDENT TEACHER

It may amaze pupils at M.G.S. to know that student teachers are actually glad of the opportunity of doing their Teaching Practice at this school. It appears that there are worse things that happen to the student teacher than being harranged by the Sixth Form over his views as to the existence of God, or being told by a Third Form girl that all religion is silly.

Of the students at St. John's College, York, who are doing their final Teaching Practice at the moment, only a few weeks before they finally qualify, over a dozen have decided they no longer wish to continue. They have done over two and a half years of a three-year course and have suddenly decided that they have had enough.

This may seem rather strange at first sight, but when one learns of some of the indignities to which students are subjected in some schools, it is much easier to understand. Mr. Jones, our R.I. student, has had a knife pulled on him by a pupil in an R.I. lesson and when he picked up his briefcase to defend himself he had it slashed. An even worse fate befell a fellow student of his in a school in the East Riding. He was attempting to teach a Chemistry lesson to a form of pupils and they set about him, held him down, made a ring of petrol around him and set it alight. When seeking advice from their tutors, students are merely

told that they should make their lessons more interesting!

Female students may have their share of indignities to endure. One boy asked a student if she would help him with a problem, and as she leant over his desk, she was suddenly aware of a hand rising up her leg! Perhaps, it is true, that some of the students ask for trouble by wearing very short mini-skirts. One student, for example, wondered why the whole class hooted when she wrote at the top of the blackboard. Had she have been sitting in the class room, she would have known immediately. With this in mind, some Headmasters have sent students home to change from their mini-skirts to something more suitable.

But not all the indignities have come from the pupils, and allegations of assault by male members of staff on female students are far from unheard of ("Come up to the stock room, and see this new text book I have just bought for 2C").

No wonder student teachers are relieved to learn that their teaching practice is at M.G.S.

(May, 1970).

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

One of the first questions I was asked during my first day at M.G.S. was "What do you think of Comprehensive Schools?" This question was asked not only by members of the Staff but also by a number of Sixth and Fourth Form pupils. This subject has obviously been of some interest in recent weeks for I noted that the last edition of 'Nainotlam' contained articles and comments on this very topic. No doubt over the next few months interest will increase as the time comes nearer for the Grammar and the Modern Schools to combine to become a comprehensive school.

Let me begin by saying that I am in favour of "good schools," whether they are grammar, comprehensive, public, independent or whatever. Yet, it would seem that within a year or so many of these "good schools" are to disappear. Despite the delaying tactics which a few Local Education Authorities are deploying to stave off as long as possible the re-organization of their schools on comprehensive lines, it is clear that soon all maintained secondary schools will be of this pattern. In the majority of cases this will mean an 'ad hoc' utilisation of existing buildings, and so, over the greater part of the country, there will be an immense number of schools which, while having advantage of dispensing

with segregation at the age of eleven, will be of a form which no educationalist without political bias could countenance as a permanent feature.

All those who care about secondary education must feel intensely anxious to see that so radical an upheaval as is now taking place will produce a system which will afford results at least as good as those previously obtained. One feels that all who have pioneered the introduction of a comprehensive pattern of education into this land, with their woolly egalitarian ethos, and with the constant destruction of the grammar schools, should be desperately keen to see that a successful system evolves rapidly and that no deprecatory comparisons can be made with its predecessor. It is fervently to be hoped that no one one believes that, once segregation at the age of eleven has been abolished, things will take care of themselves and that schools in any comprehensive form will prosper. This would be the beginning of a tragic decline in standards all round. The replacement of temporary arrangements of comprehensive re-organization by purpose built comprehensive schools will be an extremely expensive enterprise, but I believe that, if this great experiment is going to work, it must be given proper facilities and not cramped into a wholly unsuitable and inadequate compass.

Reluctance on the part of successive post-war governments to devote sufficient resources to education has been repeatedly attributed to the country's precarious economic position. It has resulted in a total failure to deal sufficiently fast with the problem of slum and out-dated schools, to keep up with the rapidly increasing child population, and to recruit teachers of the right calibre to reduce the size of classes. These are acknowledged facts and no one can feel complacent about them. Even accepting the assertion that no larger government expenditure on education is feasible I find it impossible to accept the customary corollary that we can therefore do nothing but accept the situation. If the education of our children is of such vital importance for the welfare and prosperity of our nation, as is often urged from public platforms, then the cost of running it adequately must be met by one means or another. And if governments refuse to sanction any higher grants from the Exchequer, the only solution seems to be that education, at least at certain levels, can no longer remain 'free.' Would parents be willing, according to their financial circumstances, to make a direct payment towards their child's education, if they knew that by doing so the prospect of vast improvement

on every hand would be opened? I like to think so, and providing that fees were charged only in accordance with capacity to pay, so that no child would suffer through the poverty of his parents, enormous benefit would ensue. Parents would be more closely linked with their children's school and take deeper interest in its affairs. One is keener to see good value for money when one pays cash!

Official statistics tell us that the British public on average stake £108 millions on football pools each year, and £63 millions on greyhound racing. Confronted with these figures it seems impossible to doubt the public's capacity to pay a further contribution to education — but is there the willingness? It is a common human reaction to resent paying for something which hitherto has been "free," and one can sense the uneasiness of the politicians faced with the task of putting this over. But I believe that when shown the immense advantages that they could secure for their children and grandchildren educationally by a financial sacrifice, most parents would consider the expenditure worthwhile. Many parents make the sacrifice already by sending their children to direct grant and independent schools. Some, of course, do it for the worst of all reasons — snobbery, but most do it because they feel it is a sound investment to ensure that their children are taught in good buildings, by well qualified, competent, staff, and in classes of a reasonable size. Are our schools to go limping on as they are, with little prospect of a really first-class system being evolved in our life-time. We are about to enter what could possibly be the blackest spot in the history of English Education. The system is to be overthrown without care; we are failing to create before we destroy, and we are failing to test that what we are creating is better than that which we are destroying. In one foul swoop the schools round about us are to be abolished; schools which have taken years to achieve their traditions and characters and ethos, through the labours of devoted staff and pupils. All this is to go. And so it is that some of our finest schools (grammar, modern, and independent) are to be abandoned and thrown into the melting pot on the whims of the "do-gooders" and "equality seekers" who exert political influence. For certainly it has not been conclusively proved educationally that comprehensive schools are the best type of schools. Indeed, it is to be noted that in America, where comprehensive schools have existed for a good many years, a system of streaming off the brighter pupil is being evolved. Still, it is always the case that that which is infinitely weak seeks to destroy that which it recognises to be infinitely better.

"Clear your mind of cant," said Dr. Johnson, and letting the public say once and for all what importance it really attaches to the education of its children would be the most salutary way of achieving reform in education. Let the public say whether it is prepared to pay the price of what many teachers feel would be the real revolution in education. We must be apprehensive about going comprehensive.

ALAN M. JONES, Student Teacher: St. John's College, York
(May, 1970).

SCENES FROM A MASQUE WITH MUSIC

SCENE I

Scene: The School Field. Enter Mr. Greaves and Mr. Delaval from opposite sides.

Mr. G. Well, of all
Things, fancy meeting Mr. Delaval!

Mr. D. This leaves
Me speechless! If it isn't Mr. Greaves!

Mr. G. Ah, is not this a happy time when we whose separation
Has been (though unbeknown to us) a source of deep
frustration,
Acknowledging the folly of our ignorant pretension,
Achieve at last through unity the bliss of comprehension!

Mr. D. A happy time indeed! A time of roses —

Mr. G. And of wine!
Come, sip some Third Form rhubarb Port. (Shyly)
Your Lab., I thought, was fine,
But lacks, of course, some vital things. You haven't,
I opine,
A thermonuclear laser-gun? Then let me lend you
mine.
With this, if some obstreperous boy's inclined to have a
natter,
His long-range liquidation is a VERY simple matter!

Mr. D. That's jolly nice of you, old man! Accept from me,
I pray,
This macromicrodolichoscope — I rigged it up today.
Look through this lens at the scholars as they come into
the Hall:
You'll easily distinguish the long and the short and the
tall.

Both (joining hands and dancing) —

For my Lab. is your Lab.
And your Lab. is my Lab.
And the more we are together,
The merrier we shall be.

(The music changes to a sad tune; enter Mr. Mason and Mr. Weatherston, both sunk deep in gloom.)

Mr. M. I don't know how we're going to cope; our foes
will have a party;
Our wings are slow —

Mr. W. Now, don't lose hope: I'll lend you Stephen Flaherty!

His football's not much cop, but at running he's the top.

I've problems too: my goalie's ill; we've had it without him;

Our visitors will net the pill according to their whim.

Mr. M. Then let me lend you Nellis: not much can get past him!

Both (joining hands and dancing)

For your teams are my teams

And my teams are your teams

And the more we are together,

The merrier we shall be.

SCENE II

Scene: A house, with garden; road in front. Good Fairy Williams is discovered examining the flowers, uttering frequent expressions of dismay. Presently the sound of a car is heard; the sound increases and the car enters the scene; Mother Lacey is seen in the driving-seat. After one turn round the stage an explosion blows the bonnet off and the car grinds to a halt in a cloud of steam. Mother Lacey bursts into tears.

Good Fairy Williams: O a la la, quelle mauvaise chance!
Your voiture is pas gaie!
But do not weep; this wand will soon

Drive all your cares away!

(She waves her wand and Stan-Stan, the handyman, appears)

Stan-Stan. I'll mend your motor in a trice —

Nay, do not weep and rage — for

I often do for nothing now

What once I earned a wage for.

(He tinkers for a minute and the engine breaks into a Rolls-Royce-type purr)

Mother Lacey. Oh, thank you, Mr. Stan-Stan, and you, Good Fairy, too!

Now to reward your kindness there's something I can do.

(Turning to Good Fairy Williams)

I see your flowers beset by pests, so now I clap my hands

And lo, complete with lethal kit (and beaming smile to go with it)

Greenfingers Pallister stands!

(Enter Mr. Pallister, with canister and spray. He dances round the flower-beds, spraying the blooms and singing)

Mr. P. I'm anathema to aphids; I'm a slayer-man of slugs;

I'm gunning hard for greenfly: I'm a baleful bane to bugs.

When I catch a caterpillar out, I give him just one burst;

Come out, you skulking garden pests, and meet your doom — who's first?

(Good Fairy Williams and Mother Lacey join hands and dance, singing)

Mother L. For your pests are my pests

Good Fairy W. And I don't mean just garden pests!

Both And the sooner we subdue them,
The merrier we shall be.

(Enter Mr. Hanson and Mr. Taylor)

Mr. H. This fervid protestation of increased co-operation —

Mr. T. This case for future brotherhood so confidently put —

Mr. H. These vows so edifying of fidelity undying —

Mr. T. Are doubtless genuine enough.

Both We thank you for them, BUT

Mr. T. I haven't got a Metalman. Mr. H. I haven't got a Greek.

Mr. T. I don't possess a separate Gym. Mr. H. I've no one who can speak a single word of German. Mr. T. Oh dear, German is a 'must.'

Mr. T. No beehives. Mr. H. No pavilion.

Mr. T. No Youth Centre.

Mr. H. Mine's gone bust.

Have we ANYTHING in common then, dear Philip, would you say?

Mr. T. Nay, don't be too downcast, dear George! I've found out just today

That your own Mr. Eggleston and my own Mrs. Kay Both hail from Bishop Auckland, somewhere up Durham way.

Both (joyfully) A Bishop Auckland apiece? Why then
the battle's won!
With two such true-blue northerners for us to build
upon,
We have a working basis for the coming union!
(All join hands joyfully to sing the Final Chorus)
All. With such goodwill on every part,
Such eagerness to make a start,
We may indeed —

Mr. H. and Mr. T. Indeed we may —

All. We may indeed remark —
We have a working basis
For the Comprehensive lark!
For your lot is my lot
And my lot is your lot
And the more we are together,
The merrier we shall be.

CURTAIN

"APPLESEED" (July, 1970)

OLD MALTONIAN ASSOCIATION

The O.M.A. Reunion Dinner and Dance was held at Bowers Restaurant on December 29th.

The tickets sold were again up to the very good number of past years; but in the event the attendance was rather smaller. The reason was the lightning 'flu, which struck some guests down even as late as the day of the Reunion itself.

The event was again very happy and voted a great success. The toast of the Association and the School was proposed by our most faithful attender of all, Derek Henderson. He spoke with such sincerity of his affection for the school that I think we were all secretly rather moved. In his reply the Headmaster shortened his usual thinly disguised 'Report on the School' to remind members that a time of decision was upon them. They had to decide at once whether there was to be another Reunion and, in the longer term, what was to happen to the Association once M.G.S. had disappeared, or rather been transformed, into the Comprehensive School.

It was agreed that another Reunion should be held; we must hope that we have a clear mandate by then for the future of the Association.

The Dinner was followed by the usual Dance, with many non-diners joining us. And so to 2 a.m., when Mrs. Taylor and I said goodnight to departing old and new faces.

P.T.T.

The Editor and his staff apologise for the fragmentary nature of some of the information in this section. The reason is obvious to every O.M. and we do ask ALL old scholars to supply us with every bit of information they possess about their fellows for the next, final, issue of the Maltonian. Only in this way can we partly fill the gap caused by Mr. Rolls's death.

NANCY (ARMSTRONG) WILCOX (1931-37) lives in Wakefield, where her husband is City Librarian. They have three children.

PETER ANDERSON and JACQUELYN CUNDILL were married on August 1st at Malton. They now live in York.

ANDREW and DIANA BARTON are married and have two children. Both parents are teaching near Stevenage.

We often see "DICKIE" BIRD around Malton. He is in charge of the Ryedale Travel Agency's Branch here and dispenses sunshine (or the promise of it) even in our worst weather with cheerful attentiveness.

FREDDIE BOWER is now taking a large share in his father's Restaurant business. He has been made a member of the town's Rotary Club.

JENNIFER BRADLEY (1959-65) has been teaching in the Manchester area, but has now taken up a post to teach mentally handicapped and E.S.N. children at a boarding school at Meltham, near Huddersfield. Jennifer remains as energetic as ever, and apparently thinks nothing of dancing fervently until the small hours of the morning in Malton and then teaching near Manchester at 9 a.m. on the same day!

STEPHEN BOAK (1958-62) is a chartered accountant in Scarborough. We congratulate him on passing his Finals.

MICHAEL BOGUE (1959-66) gained a Second Class Honours Degree in Electrical Engineering at the Imperial College, University of London, in 1969 and is now working for E.M.I. at Hayes in Middlesex in the Ground Radar Department.

PAULINE BLAND (1963-69) has just completed her first year of training for Radiography at the County Hospital, York.

COLIN BRAMLEY is working as a partner in a Scarborough firm of accountants.

DAVID (DINKY) BREWER (1961-69) left University after one and a half years. Now he is a Salesman for the West Riding firm of Procter and Gamble and has been provided with his own car. In September 1969 he became engaged to JOAN HARTLEY, O.M.P.

DEREK CADAMY (1962-68) has completed two years of a four-year Honours Degree course in Maths at Leeds University; he is still a bachelor.

ANTHONY CADAMY (1960-65) gained his M.B. Ch.B. at Leeds University this year and is now working at Airedale General Hospital. He married in June 1969 and his wife is a nurse at the same hospital.

ELIZABETH CALVERT (1963-68) has attended Scarborough Technical College for two years. She will start work at Barclay's Bank, Harrogate, in August 1970.

PETER CALVERT (1963-68) has just completed two years' training at Chester Teachers' Training College, where he is studying Geography and P.E.

THOMAS CAMPION is doing research at Leeds General Infirmary and living at Aberford near Leeds. He is the father of two girls.

PAUL CARR (1958-65) recently moved from technical to computer work (systems development) with Wiggins Teape. His wife PAMELA (THOMPSON) (1960-67) has just completed her course at Ealing Technical College and gained a diploma in Dietetics.

PETER CARR (1960-67) graduated at Cambridge University with Honours in Chemistry in June 1970. He is now using his knowledge working on the Cambridge buses, but hoping to go to South Africa later, as a chemist.

PETER CARTER (1962-67) is at present working at Maenson's Clothing Factory and also makes suits privately.

PHILIP CATTLE (1962-67) has recently completed a course at Bishop Burton Agricultural College.

ALAN CLARKE has now gained his H.N.D. in Electrical Engineering at Leeds College of Technology.

MARGARET (CLARKSON) PAULIN (1942-47). After teaching for 11 years at Amotherby County Primary School she moved to Malton Infants' School in September 1969, where she is teaching six-year-olds. Her daughter now attends M.G.S.

ANDREW COLLINSON (1961-68) has completed two years of a three-year course in Maths at Leeds University. SUSAN (1959-66) is now teaching at a Roman Catholic School in Huyton, near Liverpool, and married, on August 1st, 1970, Graham Moore, whom she met in Liverpool. He is in the Fire-fighting Service.

ROB. and BETTY (WHARRAM) COOK (1932-37) have moved from their farmhouse at Nafferton to another house in the village. Their elder son David and his wife and daughter now live at the farm. Their second son and daughter are at home.

SUSAN (CORNER) SMITH (1959-66) has completed the Graduate's Certificate course and was awarded a distinction in "practice." She will start teaching in August this year, in Leicester. Her husband was awarded an M.A. in Librarianship and is working in Leicester University library. They are hoping to move house in August to another part of Leicester.

GWEN (CROWTHER) MOSS is living at Marske-by-the-Sea. She has two daughters and a baby son.

CHRIS DALE (1960-65) has left Bishop Burton Agricultural College and is now working on his father's farm at Thorpe Bassett.

KEITH DEXTER (1960-65) works in the offices at Ward Brothers, where he is an apprentice draughtsman. He has recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday. He is a regular member of Scarborough 2nd XI Football Team.

KEITH DICKINSON (1952-59) recently passed his final examination for the R.I.B.A. He was awarded the Diploma for Architecture. He is married, with two children, and resides in Northallerton. He is married, with two children, and resides in Northallerton at Northallerton.

ALLAN DICKINSON (1963-66) qualified this year as an Assistant Executive Engineer with the Post Office Telecommunications Headquarters in London. Last year he passed the Intermediate Telecommunication Technical Course with distinction.

We recently met RICHARD ("FRID") DICKINSON, looking every inch the Army Officer and thoroughly enjoying the life.

MAISIE DOWNES (née Clifford 1924-26) is married and living at Weaverthorpe with one son. Before being married she taught at West Lutton Primary School.

JUDITH DUKE is working with a firm of Scarborough Solicitors.

CLIVE DUGGLEBY is in Nigeria doing V.S.O. work.

We read in the local press that TERRY DYSON had his child christened at a local church.

JANETTE VALERIE ENGLISH (June 1961-66) has spent two years at Westminster Training College (Restaurant Operations) and has had one year's full tuition with Mouvenride, Geneva. At present she is a housekeeper at Park Lane Hotel in London. She is now planning further experience in Australia. At Westminster she passed all her examinations, and gained the 'Trust Houses Award' for the best pupil from 1967-68.

TIMOTHY EVANS (1957-65) is at H.M. Customs Watguard, but is at present stationed at the East Midlands airport.

DAVID EVANS (1957-65) is working at I.C.I., where he is doing operation research. He has just bought a house at Wilmslow in Cheshire.

ARTHUR FIRTH (1951-58) is now a doctor and has been at the Royal Free Hospital, London, and the Friarage Hospital, Northallerton. He is shortly moving to Leamington Spa.

BRENDA (FISH) TIPLING (1953-58) moved from Harrogate to Nottingham and has just had her third baby.

GEOFF. FOSTER is partly helping to sell the products of the clothing firm which his father has established in Malton but also, as one might guess, has "other irons in the fire." He looks prosperous and we are sure that he could persuade a drowning man to buy water. In July he was Best Man at the wedding of PHILIP LONSDALE.

HOWARD FOX (1952-59). In September 1970 he takes up his new post of Head of History Department at Prince Henry's Grammar School, Otley.

ANTHONY FRANCIS fulfilled a brave and thoughtful vow when ERIC CHARTERS acted as Best Man at his wedding in Leicester. When Eric was dreadfully maimed after a climbing accident, Anthony made this promise and it must have helped Eric not a little to know that others shared his parents' faith that he would recover. Now Eric is back at work at his old place of employment, Calder Hall Atomic Plant in Cumberland.

DAVID FREER recently married. His Best Man was his classmate PETER LEALMAN.

KATHLEEN (GRAYSHAW) YOUNG (1939-40) teaches at Sleights Primary School. She is married and is living near Sleights, and has a daughter, aged seven.

ANGELA (GOMERSALL) ELLENPORT, living in Australia, has had twin boys to be brothers to her little girl. She and her husband paid a visit to England a short time ago.

DAVID GREAVES (1958-65). After five years at Birmingham University he is qualified as a doctor. SUSAN (WOOD) GREAVES is now qualified as a Domestic Science Teacher after three years at Worcester College of Education. Next year she will work in a Secondary School in Birmingham. On July 26th 1970 Susan and David celebrated their first wedding anniversary. They are now living in a flat at Birmingham.

KATHERINE GRAHAM (1963-69) now has a job in the Malton Post Office with the official title of Postal and Telecommunications Officer.

JOHN ROBERT GRICE (1931-36) is a Solicitor in practice at Malton. He is married to CLARICE (WILSON) (1926-32). They have two children.

MARGARET GRICE (1942-49) is an Infant School Teacher at Slingsby County Primary School.

STAN. GRICE (1933-39) is Headmaster of Kirkbymoorside Junior School.

ROBERT HALL, who has been with big Insurance Firms in London and Leeds, has now joined a smaller firm in Bradford; he finds the more personal atmosphere agreeable and from a recent letter can be seen to be "putting down some roots" in Bradford.

JOHN HANSON (1958-65) is a trainee auctioneer at Boulton and Cooper's.

KEVIN HARDISTY (1960-66) has just qualified as a Public Health Inspector after training with Northallerton R.D.C. He is engaged to VALERIE ANDREWS (1960-67) and they hope to be married in a year's time. Valerie is awaiting the results of her Finals before taking up an appointment in September at Rillington Primary School, teaching seven-to-nine-year-olds.

NIGEL HAYTON (1962-67) now works on his father's farm.

JANET HAYWOOD (1965-67) got a First Class Honours Degree in Biochemistry at Sheffield University. She is at present in Boston, U.S.A., but will return to England in September 1970 to do three years' work for her Ph.D.

PAMELA HEATH (1956-63) is now a Secretary at Wilfred Scruton Ltd., Agricultural Engineers, Foxholes.

W. N. HICKS (1951-56) is now a Chief Petty Officer in the Royal Navy at Gosport. He lives at Gosport and is married, with two small sons.

DAVID HOPPER (1960-67) is training to be an accountant. He lives and works in Manchester.

JOAN (HORSLEY) SMITH (1938-42) is working in her father's coal office, the head of the Malton Department of E. Horsley Coal and Coke.

JOYCE (HUDSON) GOODWILL (1955-62) was teaching at Scarborough Girls' High School until she was married at Easter 1970. She is now teaching at York College for Girls and living at Terrington.

PAMELA INMAN is working for a firm of Estate Agents in Pickering.

ELAINE JACKSON (1963-69) is now studying French and Maths. at the Elizabeth Gaskell College of Education at Manchester.

LILY (JEFFERSON) CLARKSON (1944-50) is now living at Stratford-on-Avon. She has two children aged 15 and 12 and her third child, Jill Marie, was born in April 1969.

MARGARET (JENSON) CRIMLIS (1920-25) is the clerk in Baker's Garage. She has been Telephone Operator at Malton Post Office and a Hotel Receptionist in London. She married in 1951. She then emigrated to Australia and has just returned (May 13th) to live in England again. At the moment she resides in Pickering.

STAN KENDALL (1929-35) has retired from the West Riding Police after 30 years' service and joined a firm of Solicitors. But he still lives in Wakefield with his wife FREDA (BIELBY) (1928-34), his son and daughter.

ANTHONY KIRBY (1956-64) is to begin as a Lecturer at Cambridge College of Technology in September 1970. He has written articles which have been published in 'Railway Magazine' and 'This England'.

DAVID KIRSOPP (1961-65) is working for a Darlington firm, doing structural designing. He was married in July 1970 to Anne at Bishop Auckland.

ELIZABETH LACEY (1965-67) is taking a Degree in Community Nursing at Manchester. Next term will be the start of her fourth and final year. Elizabeth is to be married in August to John Betts of Thorngumbald, who is taking a Ph.D. in Physics.

DONALD LOW (1966-67) left banking eighteen months ago, and moved from York to London, where he is enjoying life and is working for a shipping firm.

MARION LOWE, at the University of Ulster, Coleraine, reports that the Northern Irish troubles must be very localised; no breath of civil or religious strife mars University life.

JANE LUCEY, after teaching (and being general factotum) at a Continental School, is now doing Commercial Subjects in Oxford, before going on to work in Fine Art.

MARY LUPTON (WOOD) is living in York.

ANDREW McBEATH, still pursuing his training for the Navy, is now at a Navy School of Engineering in Plymouth.

CHRISTINE McMASTER has completed her teacher-training at St. John's, York, and is now married to a Nortonian.

THOMAS McMANNERS is working for Sheffield United Hospitals and was recently appointed Honorary Clinical Tutor in Radiology at Sheffield University.

IAN MASSER, lecturing in Civic Design at Liverpool University, has been a guest at two German Universities this summer — first at Karlsruhe, where he was at the Advanced Studies Institute of Regional Science, and then at Dortmund, where he was concerned with mathematical models in the faculty of planning.

JILL (MAKINS) MIDDLETON (1964-67), finished at Sunderland College of Education in July 1970. She qualified as a Needlework Specialist, but will teach infants. Jill married fellow student Roger Middleton in Malton on August 22nd. Both have jobs in Stainforth, Doncaster; Jill teaching infants and Roger in a Secondary School nearby.

SUSAN (née MAKINS) BOWNE (1964-66). Finished at Royal College of Music in July 1970 and passed out in the top grade. She married Alan Bowne, a Flute Tutor in the West Riding. They will live in Harrogate and Susan will share Alan's work and orchestral engagements.

JANET THORNTON and TONY MALY recently became engaged. Tony is working for the G.P.O. in telephone engineering at Fylingdales. Janet is working for the Ministry of Social Security at York.

ANTHONIE MAZONAS (1965-67) has received a Second Class Honours Degree in Electrical Engineering at Sheffield University. He is engaged to Ruth Wilson of Norton. He is now going on to do a sandwich course with G.E.C. at Leicester.

STEVE MEGGINSON (1932-40) is farming. He has three children, two girls and a boy.

JANET MILNER (1963-69) is going to the Agricultural College, Bishop Burton, in September 1970, after completing a year's course at Scarborough Technical College.

BERYL (MOSS) RIPLEY (1959-64) lives in Leeds with her two children.

ROGER NENDICK (1961-68) is doing Mineral Engineering and has now gone to Australia to do research in mines at Broken Hill.

ALBERT NORTON is living at Wharham, where he has his own business. He has two children, aged 14 and 12 years.

MARGARET (TRIFFETT) PATTINSON (1959-66) is still teaching at Bebbington Girls' Secondary School, and is loving every minute of it. She now takes Assembly at the school twice a week, and is also actively involved in the work of the Simon Community, an organisation dedicated to the help of the drug addict and alcoholic in the Merseyside area.

CLIVE PEACOCK (1958-64) is now a Chief Petty Officer Artificer in the Royal Navy. He married a Scottish girl and now lives in Dunfermline when he is not at sea.

ANNE (PICKARD) COLLIER (1948-55) is now a housewife and reports news for the "Malton Gazette". She now has a daughter and small son. She worked at Ward Brothers until her marriage.

In April 1970, WENDY ROWNTREE (1959-66) married Edwin Prest, who started work at Bower's Motor Exchange as an apprentice and is now Workshop Foreman. In October 1969 Wendy obtained her S.R.N. at Leeds General Infirmary. She now works at a Private Nursing Home in York.

JOHN PREST (1947-53) is Parts Manager at Robson's Garages Limited, Malton.

EILEEN QUARTON (1962-67) left Scarborough Technical College last year and is now employed as a Secretary at a Vet's in Malton.

KEITH (QUANGO) RICHARDSON (1968-69) is a Police Cadet, now transferred from Bridlington to Scarborough, in order to take his A-levels at Technical College.

ANNE ROBINSON (1961-65) spent some time nursing at the Glen Nursery in York and is now a Mother's Help in Geneva. She is moving to Greece for a holiday and then on to Brussels with the same family.

CAROL ROBSON (1961-68) is still at City of Leicester College of Education. On New Year's Eve she became engaged to FERGUS RYNEHART (1957-62). Fergus is still working as a Sales Supervisor for Yorkshire Farmers Bacon Factory.

PETER ROLLS, who has been teaching at Brotton in the North Riding, moves to a new post in September at a school just outside Ipswich.

GILLIAN ROWE (née HICKS) (1948-55) is now living near Middlesbrough with her husband, a P.E. Master, and their twelve-month-old son.

RICHARD SAWDON (1940-47) married SHEILA (COATES) (1941-48) in 1968 and they now have a son, who was born in July 1969. Richard is farming at Kirby Grindalythe. Sheila taught at Middlesbrough School for the Deaf for ten years and at Birkdale School for the Partially Hearing, Southport, for six years.

JOSEPHINE SINCLAIR is at present completing her legal training at a London Law School, after which she hopes to be articulated to a firm of solicitors.

ANDREA SKINNER (1959-67) has left College and is now working for H. B. Raylor and Co. in York. She became engaged last August to Richard Hornsey and will be married in October. Andrea is Secretary of Malton Young Conservatives. She will live in Stockton-on-Forest.

EILEEN SMITH (1961-66) is now a Tax Officer in the Civil Service at York. She has been engaged since Christmas.

ERIC SMITH (1939-43) has been farming at Luddith Farm, North Grimston, since 1959. He is married, with three children, of which the eldest attends M.G.S.

KENNETH SMITH (1935-42, Staff 1949-51) is Senior Maths. Master at Thirsk Grammar Modern School; he has three children.

LIZ SMITH (1961-69) is completing her first year at Edge Hill College of Education, Lancs., hoping to teach Art, with Geography as a second subject.

MIKE SMITH (1960-65) has completed his apprenticeship and is now a qualified Radio/Radar Technician with B.O.A.C. at Heathrow Airport.

JOHN SMITH (1958-62) works with JOHN ('ROCK') HUDSON as an accountant at Rowntree's, York. John was married last September to Angela Cook.

JOHN SMITH (1961-65) is the Master in charge of Music at the Abbey School, Ramsey, in Huntingdonshire. He is also the organist and choirmaster at the Parish Church. John gained Graduate Status in the New Year, being awarded G.T.C.L. in December 1969.

ARTHUR SNOWBALL (1934-39) has an Electrical and Radio Business in Slingsby. Arthur has a son leaving Malton County Modern School to go to York Technical College in September and a daughter at St. Andrew's School.

BILLY SNOWBALL (1932-39) is now Manager of Barclay's Bank at Helmsley.

BARBARA (SPENCER) CUTTER (1941-47) is living in Herefordshire. She is married with three children; her eldest son is in his first year at Ross Grammar School. Barbara is doing part-time Needlework teaching. She is School Manager; Vice-President of the W.I.; on the P.C.C.; a member of the new Deanery Synod; Sunday School Teacher and member of the Choral Society.

ELLA SPENCER (1944-50) is still teaching Housecraft to girls and boys at Sheffield.

ROBERT SENIOR (1963-69) is a Police Cadet, stationed at Sedgfield, Co. Durham. His work includes assignments at such places as Teetside Airport, local radio stations and hospitals. This year, Robert is taking his Duke of Edinburgh's Silver Award and hopes to take the Gold Award next year.

DAVID SHAW (1955-62), son of FRED (BUNNY) SHAW and MARION (BEAN), is in his first year teaching Maths and Science at Norton County Secondary. He is to be married on August 8th.

JUDY SIMPSON (1961-68) is working at York (as a Wages Clerk) in the Telephone Manager's Office.

WENDY (SMAILES) SKILBECK (1962-67) is very happily married, with a small son called Philip.

HELEN SMITH and MARGERIE SMITH (not relations, but clearly good friends) appeared in a recent local press photograph as members of a record number of Lay Readers appointed by the towns' Methodist Churches.

GEOFFREY STEPHENSON (1952-59) is taking up a new appointment as Head of Department, Grade C, with responsibility for the Sixth Form, at Henry Fanshawe School, Dronfield, near Sheffield. He is living at Millhouses in Sheffield and has been married for four years.

DAVID TAYLOR (1959-65) has spent a year as an Architect in Charlotte, North Carolina. On his return, he will continue his studies at Leeds School of Architecture for a further two years.

ROSEMARY TAYLOR (1959-66) married on August 15th, at Malton, Patrick Thacker, a fellow-student at Reading University. Last year Rosemary worked in the University Library, which she greatly enjoyed. They are now living in Wokingham; Pat is teaching near Sandhurst and Rosemary is taking her Teacher's Certificate at Reading University.

BASIL TERRY (1932-39), whose school, Allertonshire Boys', is joining with the Girls' School to become the Northallerton School, has been appointed Head of the new school when they go Comprehensive in September.

DAVID THACKRAY (1957-62) became engaged last year to Susan Beaseley of Liverpool. They hope to be married next year. His occupation is work-study for a Liverpool firm.

MAVIS (THACKRAY) ROBINS, who wrote of a recent journey she made in Canada, where she and her husband live, is over in Malton for a few weeks.

KEN THOMPSON (1935-37) married a former member of M.G.S. staff, who is also an ex-M.G.S. Governor and has a son at the school. We are asked if this is a record!

TONY THORP, B.Sc., F.R.S.C. (1954-62) is working as a Research Analyst with Laportes, Immingham, where he started after completing his Honours Degree at Leeds. He is now Head of his Department, with full responsibility for a new multi-thousand pound computer. He was married on August 5th, 1967 and is hoping to become a father in January 1971.

ELIZABETH THORP (1961-68) has completed her second year at Leicester College of Education, where she is training for infant and junior work. For the third year in succession she is gaining experience of working with people by spending part of her holidays working at a Butlin's holiday camp. Last year she acquired a car from her brother.

PETER THORP, B.Sc., (1957-65) is a science master at King George VI Secondary School in Kabwe, Zambia. He is the school soccer coach, and male lead in a local dramatic society, who have just produced *Boeing, Boeing*. He is also a member of the school staff pop group, playing guitar, banjo, clarinet, and tympani. He holds an evening class, in which he is teaching the natives English. He reports that salaries are better over there, and they must be, because he has just bought a new sports car. Peter is on a three-year appointment with the Zambian Government and when this ends he intends to return to England for six months, before taking up an appointment in the West Indies.

DAVID TOWSE is Transport Manager of his father's haulage firm. He is married with two children and living at Barton-le-Willows.

ROSEMARY TUKE (1957-61) is an accounts clerk at Ampleforth College.

CHRISTOPHER TYSON (1946-53) lives in Kent with his wife and two sons and works for the Electricity Generating Board. Occasionally he hears of TONY BOURNE (1946-51), who lives in Kent with his wife and two children.

HEATHER (WATSON) FINCH (1953-61) is still having to travel forty miles daily to and from Hunmanby Hall near Filey and thoroughly enjoying the challenge of a 'mini-comprehensive.'

MICHAEL VASEY was married in 1968 and is living in Pickering, working as Advisory Officer for the Agricultural Advisory Service.

CHRISTOPHER WALKER (1959-66) graduated as a B.Sc. in Aberdeen in September 1969 and is now working as a computer programmer at the National Westminster Bank in London. He plays hockey for the Bank's second team and ten-pin bowling for his department's first team. He is currently sharing a flat with ALAN DICKINSON (1963-66) and was Best Man at the wedding of PETER ANDERSON (1962-66) and JACKIE CUNDILL (1963-66) which took place on the first of August this year.

ROSEY WARE (1961-68) is getting married to Michael Whittles. Her sister ALISON (1962-69) is spending ten weeks in America with her boy-friend. Another sister, Helen, joined M.G.S. from Norton in July.

ALISON WEST has almost completed her Nursing Course in Hull; she sometimes sees SYLVIA HORNSEY, who is also training for Nursing at other hospitals in the same city.

JILL WHARRICK writes to say that her first teaching post will be in the Wakefield area.

DONALD WILSON (1934-38) farms at Chanting Hill Farm, Welburn. His younger son Michael will join Peter at M.G.S. in September.

ANGELA WILLIAMS is on International Voluntary Service in East Cameroon.

BRIAN WINDSOR is Head of the Maths. Department at Alford Grammar School, Lincolnshire.

DOROTHY A. WITTY (née SANDERSON, 1924-25) is now married and living at Wintringham with her three children. Before this she taught infants at West Lutton Primary School.

LYNDA WITTY (1962-69) is now working for Beechams at Worthing, doing Penicillin research.

DAVID WITTY (1950-55) is now farming at Wintringham, near Malton. He married PHYLLIS JARVIS (1950-55) and has four children.

AUDREY (WRAY) LACEY (1932-39) is Senior Mistress at Malton County Modern School. Her second daughter, Elizabeth, also an O.M., is being married in August, whilst Veronica, her youngest daughter, is in the 6th form at M.G.S. Audrey teaches MARGARET (HEATH) PEARSON'S (c. 1932) daughter, Catherine. Margaret, and her sisters, had a family reunion at Easter. KATIE works in insurance in London, and BETTY (1932-37) has three children and lives at Carnforth, where her husband teaches Biology.

MICHAEL YATES (1933-40) is a Salesman with Barkers and Lee Smith and covers the area between Northumberland and Edinburgh. His son, Shaun, has just passed his 11-plus examination and starts at Queen Margaret's Grammar School, Hexham, in September. At his son's past school he was Head Boy and Cricket Captain. Mick says he meets many O.M.s whilst working on his Firm's Stand at the Yorkshire Show.

JEAN (YOUNG) ANDERSON (1956-61) lives in Caterham (Surrey). She has one son.

SUSAN YOUNGSON (née JEFFERSON 1955-60) was married in 1965. Her son, Steven, was born in 1967 and she recently moved to Strood in Kent.

OF THIS AND THAT — BUT MAINLY ABOUT SURREY UNIVERSITY

While I am in the mood for letter writing I thought I would spare a thought for all Maltonians, and drop a line to dear 'Nainotlam.' By a strange coincidence I met 'Lod' (Remember 'Lod' — the Hair?) this afternoon at Birmingham University whilst attending a women's Inter-University hockey meeting as a representative from Surrey University. I suppose it was a sheer fluke in such a large establishment — but then again you could hardly miss Lod! He told me he had been asked to write about University life for you. Well, there must be more than one view on the subject. I wonder how Surrey compares with Birmingham.

Surrey University is one of Britain's newest Universities, having only received its charter in 1966 when it was based up at Battersea. It has moved down to its new site at Guildford by degrees. By the end of this academic year the move will have been completed, bringing the total number of students to about 2,300. By normal standards this is not a large University, although the number will increase to 5,000 by 1990, when the master-plan is completed. The

University is in essence a technological University; in fact science and technology have an overriding influence on most of what happens here. With only one faculty for the Human Studies we have only one body of students who could possibly be classed as Arts, although even their Degree is classified as B.Sc. If Surrey University has a fault I would say it was this imbalance between the Arts on the one hand and the Sciences on the other. Many, in fact most of the Degrees here, are sandwich based, that is the course lasts four years, with the third spent out in industry in some allied field. This means that the student gets a fair taste of what his, or her, job will actually be like before actually going headlong into it. It also means that the final year means more. Very few, having got this far in the degree course, actually fail. The final year consists mainly of project work, and of course the Finals, which in fact only determine the type of Degree to be gained. Many students are actually sponsored by firms into which they will automatically go in their third year, and after graduating. It is perhaps partly for this reason that at Surrey we have little student unrest, as we presume to be typical of every University today. I think much of the unrest is almost certainly due to a lack of purpose and aim in the course which leads to a similar feeling about life in general. Jobs on the Arts side are few and far between and often quite unrelated to the Degree obtained. Therefore for many, a premature sense of security is desirable and perhaps reassuring. I am not trying to say that we have a life of bliss and contentment at Surrey with no lively students airing their views. Far from it. I think it would be extremely unhealthy if this were the case. We have our grievances; but these are in general given a first airing at the weekly G.M.s — the General Meeting of students presided over by a **student** committee.

What do people want to know about University? I suppose the social life and, of course, the drug situation. Many people make a fuss about the latter and imagine half the student population to be stuffed up to the eyeballs in 'pot.' Here again popular opinion is wrong. I do not suppose that the percentage of 'pot' smokers here would beat that of any country youth club or even group of choir boys. It would be foolish to deny its existence but I would say almost certainly that 'hard' drugs are little sought after.

The social life in a place like Guildford (pop. 55,000) must centre around the University. The Union runs a host of clubs and societies which cover a wide range of activities. It is essential to be a regular member of at least one

society in order to expand one's circle of friends. If there is no society to suit you, then you should not be at the University. They range from sports clubs, including a motor club, potholing club, sailing and sub aqua clubs, including dramatic, folk (perhaps the most popular) and debating societies to something as mundane as a tiddly-wink club. This, I might add, is treated very seriously and a University team is entered in the London League Tiddly Winkers. Regular dances are held on Saturday evenings (I wouldn't know a lot about these, as parties are usually a better option). Where transport is available London is only an hour's drive as we are thirty miles south-west of London. What more could you want with London at your feet? The University is quite well situated — far better than its situation in Battersea in the thick of it all (fumes from the Power Station, etc.). We are too within easy reach of Southampton, Brighton and Portsmouth, each roughly one hour's journey, not to mention the vast extent of Surrey countryside, as yet spared 'suburbanisation,' like so much of Surrey being well in the commuter belt.

The greatest single thing about being a University student is being one's own master (or mistress as the case may be) for perhaps the first time in one's life. It is up to the individual to make his or her own friends, look after his or her own welfare (quite often malfare) and finances (a matter of juggling with the hardly lavish student grant for lodgings, books, clothes and entertainment).

For most the transition from school to University life is not an easy one. The new society into which the student (big promotion from pupil but not essentially changed in any way during the intervening summer holidays) now sets foot, is fundamentally different from the one he knew at school. The Halls of Residence are mixed but not the individual floors. There are no late books to sign or any fixed times when one has to be in. In fact there are no systematic checks on anyone. The University, I suppose, would not be any the wiser if one took a trip to Switzerland for a fortnight. Regulations and discipline are words one seldom hears. No one will ever order you to work or tell you what to do next. To do or not to do work is completely your own choice. One comes across difficulties but these can be solved quite simply by talking them over with friends or with your personal tutor, who really has rather a dubious role here as you rarely see him. You are told that up to 'A'-level you are 'spoon-fed' and that you must work for yourselves. True you do to a certain extent

but by comparison you are now being 'bottle-fed.' In the end it boils down to the individual and his own pace of life and ideas about work. It is quite a responsibility to carry and, if you can tackle it, O.K., but, if not, then University is NOT for you.

The subject of work has purposely been left until last. Of course a certain amount of work is expected of you. We have over thirteen hours of lectures a week and six hours of practical. This is, in fact, more 'fact thrusting time' than I had been used to when studying for my 'A'-levels. But remember none of this is compulsory. During our induction week (Freshers' Week) we were told that there were three basic reasons for coming to University and that the least of the three was to work. If I remember rightly, the other two implied broadening one's horizons (and University certainly does this) and to learn to get on with a range of people. The amount of work people do varies enormously. There are those at one end of the scale who rarely go to a lecture and who have a gay life as priority number one. Then there are those who never poke their noses out of their doors if they can possibly avoid it and who work like slaves, scarcely appearing except for food. On the whole, unfortunately, this sector includes many foreign students who feel a strong obligation to their own countries which have sent them to University. They must lose much by adopting this sort of sacrificial attitude. I assure you there is a happy medium. On the whole I have found that, if one works reasonably consistently during the week, then a good work-free week-end can be enjoyed. This, I should say, is only possible during the first part of the course for which exams. are set. These must be passed but little importance is attached to the result in the final assessment for the Degree.

Well, I hope I have not waffled on for too long and I hope you have gleaned the bare facts about Surrey University. They are probably fairly consistent with other new Universities. They are, of course, basically great places. 'A'-level requirements for entry are not usually very high. The courses tend to be specific; so make sure you choose the right one, although at our University it is supposed to be easy to change course interdepartmentally. Is anyone considering coming here in '70 or '71?

N.B.—There are good courses in Engineering, Biological and Chemical and Human Sciences and Hotel and Catering Management. Any recruits?

N.B. N.B.—There is an exceptionally good course in Nutrition. It seems that in the future Guildford will also have an Art School, Law School and Medical School. The students will almost certainly outnumber the inhabitants. ALISON WARE (1963-69). Reprinted from "Nainotlam" March 1970.

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